UR SUPER-GOVERNMENT of RACKETEERS by Martin Moone

AUG 3, 1935

Liberty

5¢

The LIFE and LOVES of LESLIE HOWARD by Clara Berange

Your Chevrolet Dealer stands squarely back of every

USED CAR BEARING THIS GUARANTEED *OK* TAG

This Car

has been carefully checked and reconditioned as shown by (✓) marks below

Serial Number _____ **Stock Number** _____

RADIATOR	✓	HORN	✓
MOTOR	✓	BATTERY	✓
CLUTCH	✓	BODY	✓
TRANSMISSION	✓	GLASS	✓
REAR AXLE	✓	FENDERS	✓
STEERING	✓	FINISH	✓
BRAKES	✓	TIRES	✓
STARTING	✓	UPHOLSTERY	✓
LIGHTING	✓	FLOOR MATS	✓
IGNITION	✓	LUBRICATION	✓

Guaranteed OK

By *Your Chevrolet dealer*

Price _____

YOU can be absolutely sure of getting a sound, thoroughly conditioned used car—*the finest value obtainable*—when you buy a car bearing this OK tag from your Chevrolet dealer.

Your Chevrolet dealer wants your friendship. He wants your business not only today but in the future. He wants to make certain that his *Guaranteed OK used cars* will earn your lasting good will.

He conditions these cars very carefully . . . checks and re-checks all vital parts . . . makes a rigid final inspection . . . then says to you: "This car is Guaranteed OK."

Buy from your Chevrolet dealer with *confidence*, and for *savings*, because volume business makes it possible for him to offer these better used cars at *lowest* prices and to give you a more attractive deal on your old car in trade. See him and get one of these Guaranteed OK used cars—*today!*

SEE YOUR AUTHORIZED CHEVROLET DEALER

FOR *Guaranteed* **USED CARS** *with an OK that counts*

ADVERTISEMENTS IN TERMINAL TAXICABS

Four years ago we placed our electrically lighted, vacuum operated, rotating devices, containing twenty-two beautifully colored advertisements, in the Terminal taxicabs. These advertisements are directly facing the passengers. This means of advertising is now receiving the finest of advertisers' acceptance. The highest grade companies in the country are using space.

One million passengers a month—twelve million passengers a year—are carried by one thousand Terminal cabs. Our passengers pay an average fare of fifty-five cents.

It is estimated that of our passengers five hundred thousand a month are residents o. New York City and five hundred thousand passengers are visitors to New York. These million passengers are the best group of spenders gathered together by any one advertising medium. Passengers enter the Terminal taxicabs at our private stands at the Grand Central Terminal, at the Pennsylvania Station, at the Waldorf-Astoria, at the leading steamship piers and at the ferries serving the Lackawanna, the Erie, the West Shore and the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

Advertisers in Terminal cabs have been and continue to be sellers of luxuries. A partial list of concerns follows:

Belleview Biltmore, Belleaire, Fla.
The Park Lane
The Riviera
Balsams Hotel, New Hampshire
Ballantine's Scotch
Maplewood Club, New Hampshire
Bill Brown's Physical Training Farm
John Wanamaker
The Griswold, New London, Conn.
The St. Regis
Hotel Astor
Crouch & Fitzgerald
White Rock
Fownes Bros. & Co.
Marlboro Cigarettes
Charles of the Ritz
American Airways
The Fifth Ave. Hotel
Hotel Pennsylvania, Philadelphia
Hotel Fairfax
Grace Line
Buick Motor Car Co.
Radio City Music Hall
Sherry-Netherland Hotel
Metro Goldwyn Mayer Co.
Liberty Magazine
Scribner's Book Shop
Hotel Marguery
C. C. Shayne Furs, Inc.
Boue Soeurs (Gowns)
The St. Moritz
Hotel Pennsylvania, New York
Crillon Restaurant
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel
Inverurie Hotel, Bermuda
College Inn Tomato Juice
Cadillac-LaSalle
New York American
Rockefeller Center
The Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia
Hotel Lincoln
Ten Park Avenue
The Biltmore
Hotel Dennis, Atlantic City
The Claridge, Atlantic City
The Ambassador, Atlantic City
One Fifth Avenue
Eastern Air Lines
John Haig Scotch Liqueur

A great many plays in season

The five hundred thousand passengers coming to New York from all parts of the world undoubtedly leave large amounts of money with the New York theatres, hotels, shops, etc.

To sell quality merchandise, you must reach people with money. Can there be any doubt that Terminal taxicab passengers (as a group) have more money than the average group gathered together by any other advertising medium? An order to the driver takes Terminal taxicab passengers to your front door. Point of purchase advertising.

If your merchandise or service has quality, advertise it to people able to buy quality merchandise. Terminal taxicab passengers are buyers of luxuries. We can prove this by photographs of our passengers taken at the Terminal's private stands at the railroad terminals and steamship piers. You can reach these people through a card in the taxicabs at an exceptionally low rate per thousand.

Send for our presentation and rate card

We recognize advertising agencies

J. H. Livingston, Jr., Taxi Advertising

INCORPORATED

425 Fifth Avenue, New York City

AUGUST 3, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 31

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Five Billion Is Cheap if Work Replaces the Dole

NEARLY five billion dollars has been set aside to be used by the President to give employment to able-bodied workers now on the dole.

Five billion dollars!

What a colossal sum!

If you had this sum of money in one-dollar bills and were able to count it at a hundred bills a minute for twelve hours every day, it would require nearly two hundred years.

And yet if we have, say, ten million unemployed to put to work, this huge sum would allow them in wages only $500 each.

It is doubtless fortunate we have a President who is willing to experiment and who is first, last, and all the time desirous of looking after the forgotten man.

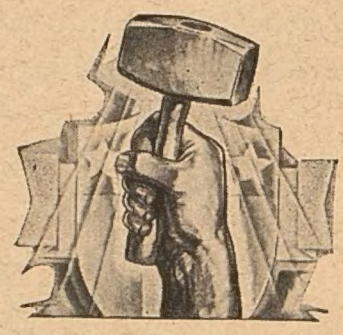
He is to be congratulated on his determination to do what he can to rid us of the dole evil.

When you put able-bodied men to work who have been subsisting on charity they can then be self-respecting, they can then hold up their heads and feel they can be self-supporting citizens.

Charity is a disorganizing force. And the dole is charity. We cannot avoid this definition. There may be times when it is necessary to save people from severe suffering, from hunger and cold. But when such financial assistance continues for a prolonged period it makes one lazy, shiftless—it destroys ambition, enthusiasm, and even the love of life.

The necessity of working to live exists wherever there is life. It is the struggle to manifest life that creates life. Activity is the law of life. Birds of the air have to search for food for themselves and for their young. The beasts of the forest must be active to live. Hunger drives them onward, compels them to work.

And human beings are no exception. They must work to live in every sense of the word. With nothing to do, with no responsibilities to assume, one becomes weak and wavering physically and mentally. Muscles become soft, flaccid, debilitated—the mind logy, lacking the strength of decision so important to mental efficiency.



A charity victim ultimately loses the desire to be a capable upstanding citizen. He becomes shiftless, undependable, a cipher with a badge of inaptitude and decrepitude that usually accompanies poorhouse victims. For every citizen that is on the dole occupies a poorhouse, no matter where he resides, a habitation that for generations has been looked upon as the last word indicating the enfeeblement of old age.

Let us hope also that the work that will replace the dole will prove sufficiently profitable that it can continue indefinitely after this huge sum has been exhausted. For man must work to live—that is, to live in every sense of the word. There is a vast difference between merely existing and living majestically.

The life of a worm or an oyster might be termed but little more than existence. But compare such a life with that of an eagle who soars on high and looks down upon everything.

Some people are satisfied with the life of an oyster with its inane existence. But most of us want to live royally; to be able to soar up into emotional heights; to live superbly with a keen, intense reaction to every experience in life.

But to live without work is a badge of disgrace. If continued for too long a period it makes one into a groveling animal, a human entity without worthwhile aspirations, that gradually disintegrates until one is minus worth-while characteristics.

Some may complain about the backbreaking taxes that will accrue as a result of the expenditures of this administration.

But the dole should be cured regardless of the cost, and any constructive effort that is made to accomplish this important object should receive the endorsement of every conscientious citizen.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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"GET THE GOODS ON G3"

WENT OUT THE ORDER TO INSPECTOR FAUROT

— and he bared the private lives of hundreds of tires to get the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about 43% longer non-skid mileage

Over and over Faurot's reports

PROVED

"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!

— because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread

— because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and wider riding ribs

— because of more rubber in the tread — an average of two pounds more per tire

AND QUICKER STOPPING SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

IN ANY court room in America, they assume a man innocent until he's proved guilty.

But we reversed the process on the "G-3" All-Weather.

We put this tire under suspicion. Sent that pioneer fingerprint expert of America — former head of all detective activities for Greater New York — to run down the truth about this tire's performance.

Does it live up to its reputation?

Does it deliver 43% longer non-skid mileage on owners' cars — as it did in that grueling third degree on the Goodyear test fleet — when they'd speed up to 50 — jam on the brakes, hour after hour, day after day?

These are the questions Goodyear wanted to answer—so a bold step was taken to *get the facts* —and Faurot made a 7,000-mile search for evidence.

He trailed that famous tire on busy city streets and remote farms— to amass the evidence. (Snapshots taken during nation-wide search by Joseph A. Faurot, famous sleuth, and now Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission.)

How the reports piled up!

We'll have to skip the dramatic story of that fact-hunt—the days and nights of trailing, checking, quizzing, shadowing every kind of driver who uses tires. But we can give you a thrilling glimpse of the results.

Here—packed down for brevity—are some mine-run cases, just like the hundreds more which that famous sleuth uncovered:

Wholesale clothing salesman — *covers Michigan and Wisconsin. Interviewed in Chicago. Tire mileage 21,846 — ¼th of "G-3" grip remains. Compared to former tires, this is fully 50% better non-skid mileage.*

Light delivery car driver — *makes 100 to 150 stops and starts per day. Interviewed Elgin, Ill. Speedometer reading, 79,464. "G-3" mileage to date 22,211. Non-skid tread still clearly visible. Driver figures this is at least 45% better than former tires.*

Bar-B-Que stand owner — *outside Winston-Salem, N. C. Tire has gone 23,846 miles—that is 5,000 miles farther than former tires and tread design is still visible.*

Sales representative — *Albuquerque, N. M. Travels all over state. Often covers 300 miles per day. Speedometer reading, 30,040. Tire mileage 10,000 miles in ten weeks. ⅔ds of tread still on tire (former tire replaced at 20,000). This indicates "G-3" would keep its grip at least 45 to 50% longer.*

Glassware salesman — *San Francisco, Calif. Speedometer 61,750 — tire mileage 16,000. Travels 500 miles per week. Has owned 20 cars. "G-3" All-Weather giving easily 60% longer non-skid wear.*

That kind of evidence speaks for itself. But it can't tell the whole story. There are two parts to a tire — tread and carcass. And beneath that heavier, broader, longer-wearing "G-3" tread, Goodyear puts patented Supertwist Cord — extra-resilient, extra-durable — to give longer life and better protection from blowouts in every ply.

Do you realize that this famous tire — the "G-3" All-Weather — outsells any other tire in the world? That's the greatest evidence of all, proving its extra safety, extra value.

It's waiting for you now—no farther away than your nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer—and it doesn't cost an extra cent to buy.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Searchlight

by MAUDE WILLIAMSON

On Park Avenue or in Hell's Kitchen, All's Fair, They Say, in Love— Here's a Vivid, Surprising Story of How One Girl Proved It

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

TRUST Jen Darby to throw a breath-taking party. She always did.

Out of a chaste paneled elevator, at the twenty-first floor, forty or fifty ermine-swathed women and Chesterfielded men found themselves whisked from Park Avenue into, of all places, Hell's Kitchen!

Jen had not cared what it cost—and why should she?—to transform her exquisite drawing room into a replica of Toto Barch's dive in the West Forties. It was fun to see surfeited eyes widen—particularly the ones which had visited Toto's.

Even the flyspecked mirror was there, reflecting somewhat hazily the melancholy upright piano across the room, upon which a gaunt young man was hammering The Blue Danube.

Jen had ordered Toto to bring with him fifteen of his regular customers—for atmosphere. "I'll pay them each ten dollars," Jen had said.

And there they were—in sullen frightened groups at the tables—wondering what in hell this was all about.

Jen turned to Bunny Langdon, Flypaper Langdon's son, whose eyes looked a bit awry to Jen. "Don't be frightened, Bunny. I made Toto promise they wouldn't bring guns."

Bunny's topper snapped shut with a bang. "Toto wouldn't fool you, would he? Thomething tellths me you're a reckleth thilly girl, Jen."

Across the already smoke-dulled room Jen caught sight of Letty Vale. A great weight lifted from Jen's broad shoulders. Now the party would really begin.

Letitia Vale, in the midst of a hilarious group, caught the spirit of the thing at once.

"It's marvelous, Jen! I could weep that I've missed Toto's all these years. I thought Hell's Kitchen was as out as bustles!"

The boy, with those wide shoulders that seemed dead beneath an ill-fitting coat, continued to punish the piano.

"Pep 'er up," s'ithered from a corner of Toto's twisted mouth. "You gotta have life in a joint like this."

Letty Vale, like a frosty gold butterfly, was poised upon an uncertain chair, her smooth arms spread wide.

"Let's be friends, everybody." Clear and warm, her voice rose above the din of the badly pitched piano. "Let's all sing!"

A shout went up. A roar. Letty alone, of all Jen Darby's guests, marked the surly quiet of fifteen parched seared men who were incongruous among white bosoms and black tails.

She clapped her hands and shouted more loudly, "Ah, come on. Let's *everybody* sing!"

The boy at the piano did not see her face. He saw only, with the tail of his eye, a slash of diamonds against the flesh of her arm.

Slender silver heels that tapped across the linoleum floor, soft elbows planted atop the infirm piano.

"Can you play I Believe in Miracles? It goes like this."

Cerise lips ready to whistle, wide eyes fixed upon the boy's bent head. Another look—

"Don Bingham!" Did her chin quiver? "When did you leave Detroit, Don? It's *good* to see you again!"

No condescension in her greeting. No surprise, after the moment of discovery. A warmth which trickled into the boy's veins; her hand extended as one man to another.

But the boy continued to play.

"You got me wrong, miss." He had not quite mastered the trick of speaking without looking up, but he tried. "My name's Bill Clymer."

"Your name is *what?*"

"I told you once. My name's Clymer."

It was as good a name as any, the one he had picked for Toto's place. He thought of the boy who had been Bill Clymer—knew now why he had selected that name.

Nineteen twenty-eight. A thousand years ago! Ann Arbor. Michigan playing against Ohio State. The road to Lansing crowded with a million dollars' worth of cars. Rain freezing as it fell. Engraved flasks in a roadster which carried six seniors. Only Bill Clymer didn't drink. A truck that stopped suddenly up the line; *brakes*. A boy's shriek. Then blackness. And Bill Clymer never saw the light again. Bill Clymer had signed off.

Yes; it was as good a name as any.

"Don't be silly—" The same little choke in her voice; bringing to life a summer in Harbor Point. "Even false whiskers wouldn't fool me, Don Bingham."

Furiously he played. Toto was looking their way now.

She whispered, "I felt pretty let down when you stopped writing, Adonis." The foolish pet name, reviving as it did golden months in Michigan, was used as naturally as though they had parted yesterday—perhaps at the Ritz Bar. "I seem to remember a lad who thought"—her voice stumbled, brushed itself off and went on—"who *said* he thought I was jake." Then she laughed.

His voice was tough when it came: "Listen, sister. The boss don't like me to talk. My name's Clymer, I tell you."

Dozens of eyes upon them now. Toto's half suspicious, half pleased; the faces of Letty's friends amused, expectant. There was nothing particularly daring about flirting with a hobo, not one with a head and shoulders like

that! Unless Letty made it louder and funnier, she couldn't expect applause.

"What's so funny about a lotta down-and-outers, that you have to make them amuse you? These people are human beings, woman," and he meant it, "same as you or"—a nod toward her table, where Bunny Langdon was balancing a fork on his nose—"or *them!*"

Letty lifted her glass; called across the room, "Hold everything, people. I'm going to sing in a second. As soon as we get organized."

Nobody answered. Her friends were too entranced with the trick dice Toto was displaying. They did not see her pale-gold head bend close to the boy's.

"Don't you suppose I know that scar on your lip? The day you cut it on an oarlock—remember? I slit my swimming suit to use as gauze."

His face told her he didn't remember anything.

"Then that morning last winter—on Forty-second Street. I knew it was you. Why wouldn't you speak to me, Don? I'd have—"

"Listen," the boy interrupted. "Didn't they teach you in finishing school not to talk to men you don't know?"

THAT day in Forty-second Street! When he had ducked through Grand Central Station, knowing she could not follow in a big cream-colored roadster. Sleety and cold and—it made him laugh now—he'd just spent his last nickel in the subway, chasing a job that had been filled ten minutes before.

He looked up.

She was little, yet she seemed almost tall, so straight she stood. Defiant. Enchanting violet eyes glaring into him, outflashing the diamonds on her wrist. "I'll tell everybody here that you're Don Bingham," she threatened, "unless you promise to call me. And even then I doubt if I could trust you."

If only she could find a fissure, a crevice of some sort, in the wall of scar tissue which surrounded him!

"I know what happened—in Detroit—Don. I wired you when we heard about your father—after the banks closed. I sent letters to the office and your home, but they all came back. If only you had let me help—" She caught herself in time. "It was too—"

It was too much. With a final crashing chord, the boy stood up. The ghost of his father must not come alive tonight, dragging in its

poor wake failure, indictment, oblivion; the memory of a delicate small woman who, mercifully, had not long been left behind. He couldn't take any more. Seeing Letty was enough. Breathing the familiar haunting fragrance of her hair, hearing her speak. Oh, why had he come here?

Letty's hand on his wrist dispatched a hundred quivering messages through his body—messages of warning to Bill Clymer fraught with dynamite.

He said, "Your friends are calling you." A wrist drawn back. Tomorrow he'd clear out, leave New York. "The young man with the curls is trying to attract your attention."

Above her head his eyes were cold with misery.

Like a well balanced top she swung round angrily. "You're hateful," she sputtered. "You're absolutely uncivilized!"

She was gone then.

Don Bingham resumed his monotonous thumping at the piano. He kept his eyes down, but he knew that Letty had joined two men at a table in the far corner of the room. Men he had seen in Toto's—men whose faces were sly corrosive masks. Especially the little one whose hairline barely escaped his close-set brows. What was the matter with her father, that he would permit her to come to such a party?

But of course her father had not known. And if he had, what then? What business was it of Bill Clymer's?

Sweet Adeline now. Too fast. Harshly—then slower as Jen's guests began to sing.

But he was thinking of another tune. A piano in a Michigan yacht club; Letty humming the melody beside him. "It goes like this, Adonis." I Surrender, Dear. Their theme song for the rest of that summer.

Suppose he should play it now? With his heart—softly, the way he used to play it. Would Letty come back to the piano? Would she half sing, half whisper the words in that uncertain little voice of hers—which contained no more music than the wind? I Surrender, Dear. "Play it again, Don!"

His answer was Sweet Adeline. Over and over, as Jen's guests grew more insistent.

Shrieks of laughter; applause in the wrong places; glasses that clinked, then gurgled with refilling. Expensive feminine heads drooping into swaying broadcloth shoulders. A few tears. Indiscreet heads upon shoulders which were not of broadcloth.

Don Bingham's fingers ached and his temples were throbbing blobs when Toto finally said, "It's four o'clock, Bill. De dame says you better quit de noise."

A weary butler permitted him to select his overcoat, which was hung with the odd assortment from Toto's—in a separate narrow closet.

"Thanks," he said wryly, opening the front door for himself. "My pals'll leave soon, buddy. Then you can start fumigating."

No word to Letty. Only a sick fleeting glance at her back across a room miles wide.

But Don Bingham did not need an aquatint to remember every curve in the contour of that small adorable face. It went ahead of him through deserted midtown New York, up one street and down another. Blindly and carelessly he walked. On and on.

NOT until he saw the dirty-faced sign which flaunted HOTEL WINDSOR, Transients 20 Cents a Night, did he know it was seven o'clock in the morning, or that he was in Tenth Avenue, standing before the hotel to which he paid less than twenty cents a night because he didn't happen to be a transient.

Mustiness clung like clay to the narrow stairs he climbed. One more flight. No breakfast—just bed. That was all he wanted.

"*Oh, there you are.* I thought you'd never come. I hadda see you, Bill!"

Don Bingham heard the whisper, saw the girl sitting on the steps which led to the floor above. He saw her stretch her cramped legs and stand up.

"Rosa! What on earth—"

A thin unkempt hand pressed to his mouth.

Letty called across the room, "Hold everything, people.

I'm going to sing in a second. As soon as we get organized."

"Gimme that key." She snatched it and thrust it into a wobbly lock. "What'd you do it for, Bill? They'll be up here any minute!"

Slyly she closed the door behind them. Locked it.

"Sit down." He sat. "Why didn't you tell *me?* It's your first job, ain't it?"

"Don't talk in riddles, Rosa. I'm dizzy. Hungry, I guess. Haven't had breakfast yet."

Her arms were around his neck.

"What'd you do it for?" Full red lips, which he had staved off with more or less success ever since he had known Rosa Marino, pressed to his ear. "I would of wised you, baby—if you'd told me. Now Toto's off you, and the bulls are on. I could of—"

He sprang from the chair and her embrace. "What are you talking about? Spill it!"

She stood before him, flexible and tough as a willow branch, almost as tall as he.

"The bracelet, Bill. You shouldn't of tried it. Toto says the girl'll raise hell. Says the bracelet's worth twenty thousand, and her father's the—"

"Wait a minute."

Angry eyes bored into Rosa's brimming ones, quieting her as a squealing mouse is silenced.

"Whose bracelet was stolen?"

"The Vale girl's." Her voice grew sullen. "You know as well as I do. What's the sense of— You got pretty playful with Park Avenue last night, didn't you? Toto says Letty Vale hung over your shoulders for hours."

Rosa knew her Social Register. She knew many things which would have amazed Don Bingham, had he troubled to uncover the scope of her intelligence.

"You better go home now. I told you before this wasn't the place for a lady. Suppose the landlord—"

"Aw, shut up!" Her arms were around his neck once more, her mouth seeking his. "Kiss me, kiss me like you did last week, Bill. I don't care what kind of a jam you're in! I'll take the damn thing and get it back to the Vale girl—before she can make a howl. I'll get Chickweed to do it. He's the—"

"Chickweed," the boy interrupted. "Of course. He's the one. He's the little one with rat eyes and hair that sits on his nose, isn't he? He—"

MISTAKING Don's meaning, Rosa drew in her breath on a voluptuous sigh.

"Chick'll do anything for me. Only we'll have to swear it wasn't you that lifted it." A triumphant toss of the black head.

She sat down. Hadn't she been waiting six months for just such a moment as this—when, by no matter what means, she might have a hold upon this strange silent boy?

"Better give it to me now, Bill, before the cops—"

There were several not gentle knocks upon the locked door. A moment in which Don Bingham stood rooted to the floor. A frightened gasp from Rosa. Then Bill Clymer was opening the door.

It was Toto Barch, devoid of overcoat or collar. Shuffling into the room, his sparsely toothed mouth stretched in salute to Rosa, only to ignore her immediately after. The distorted shoulders swung round to Don.

"Ain't you de Beau Brummell!" he began, winking. "Dose sad lamps o' yours sure knocks de women windin' —all of 'em!"

Toto sprawled upon the iron bed, moistened his lips. "Had me scared for a while dere—after you checks out and de dame begins to squawk. I got reasons o' me own not to want no tea parties wid de bulls. All you gotta do, little Willie, is gimme de Vale girl's joolry. T'anks to me, she ain't gonna prosecute."

Don stood smiling down at him.

"Don't be crazy, Toto. You know I haven't got the bracelet. If the thing was stolen, why don't you hunt up Chi—"

"Pipe down, sap!" Rosa sprang from the stool by the window. "The girl says it's you. And you gotta pay for gettin' cute on Park Avenue!"

The girl says it's you.

It wasn't true. Letty wouldn't think such a thing, much less say it to such a person as Toto Barch.

Then why had she not immediately called the police?

"Listen, Toto. Let me get this straight." The voice was Bill Clymer's, but neither Toto nor Rosa ever had heard pleading in it before. "Did she—did this Miss Vale—say she believed I—" He was talking like a sap but he couldn't help it.

Toto screeched with laughter. He hadn't had so much fun since the time he shot Beezy Mills with a gun loaded with blanks, and Beezy had toppled over, thinking he was done for!

"She don't t'ink nothin', son. She *knows* you got it. That's why she came to me dis mornin'—like she said she would. She and de blond guy ain't been home from de party yet. Dey're downstairs now waitin' for me. She wanted to come to your room and get de bracelet herself, but I kinda figgered"—like wrinkled window shades his eyelids shut up—"you and Rosa might—"

"You don't mean Letty Vale's *here?*" Don cut in. "In this place? Now?"

Toto moistened his lips. "Sure. Dem ritzy dames runs wild all night and half de day. Dey only sleeps around noon. But she's got a glint in her eye about de beads. Says she wants 'em pront—or else!"

No use to mention, Toto figured, the little gratuity he was to receive for divulging the address of an employee—a concession contrary to all Barch rules.

"And now—where's de joolry? Be your*self*, kid."

Don would not have trusted himself to speak, even had he found words. Silence gave him time to think, while upon his tired, remindful brain a great white searchlight played.

He looked about him and saw, for the first time, the room in which he lived. Saw it with the eyes of Don Bingham, not Bill Clymer. He saw shoddy furniture and dirty smeared walls.

He looked at Rosa, her chin cupped in soiled pioneering hands, sitting over by the window. Rosa Marino, here as the friend of Bill Clymer! And less than a month ago Bill Clymer had almost welcomed the warmth of her flame.

But Bill Clymer's hands had been cold and his eyes dull. A man needed clear vision to distinguish char from living coals. He needed wits. And Bill Clymer had been a fool.

Don Bingham wanted to laugh out loud. After five blind years he was able to *see* again.

But not with the clarity of one who never has left the sun. He did not see or think of the tip of a small silver sandal which last night had wedged itself into the obdurate door. He knew only that he was through here—that somewhere, it didn't matter where, there was work for Don Bingham; that sore pride is a quitter's excuse; that—

Rosa caught his arm as he dragged his pitifully few belongings from the dresser drawer.

"Bill, what you doin'?"

He smiled at her.

"I'm going to beat it, Rosa. I'm going—"

LIKE an aged mountain goat Toto sprang across the bed, the comradely smile blotted from his face.

"You don' t'ink you're gonna walk out wid dat bracelet, do you? You must be batty!"

Don Bingham turned to Rosa, whose eyes were a mixture of desire and hatred.

"I'm sorry, Rosa. It—you see, you and I—it's like I've told you right along. We haven't—"

The door opened so softly that none of them heard it.

But they saw Letty Vale—framed in the doorway, with Bunny Langdon as a backdrop.

Now Bunny, his eyes and hair askew beneath a tired opera hat, had no wish to burst unannounced into a Tenth Avenue boudoir.

But Letty breezed into the very heart of the group. Her eyes were wide and excited.

"Toto— You promised to hurry! Where is my—"

She turned and glanced up at Don, her expression as solemn as an owl's. "I'm glad you didn't try to escape. I—we were afraid you might."

Toto opened his mouth to protest; thought better of it. As long as the dame got her bracelet and he got his reward, what difference what line of chatter she pulled?

"It's dis way, Miss Vale. I'll tell you."

A moment's pause and Toto was lost.

Letty laughed. "Ah, no, Toto. Let me tell you! You said you would have my bracelet in your hands in ten minutes"—she pointed to his empty palms—"and you've failed. So now it's my turn."

Nobody spoke. Nor moved.

"You see, I'm quite sure this young man had no idea how important the bracelet was, and," primly, "we all make mistakes now and then. So if you and Mr. Langdon will go out for a few minutes and let me *talk* to the young man, perhaps I can make it clear to him."

Silver sandals trod faded matting to the corner where Rosa had retreated.

"Would you rather stay here, Miss—I'm sorry, I didn't get your name." A casual little laugh, democratic and friendly. "Or will it be less embarrassing for your young man if you go with *my* young man into the hall? Bunny really is awfully amusing when he isn't too sleepy."

Rosa continued to glare out of the window.

"Why don't you open the door, Bunny?" Letty asked, and proceeded to open it herself.

Reluctantly Bunny led the way, casting a wary eye at Toto and Rosa. "Letty, are you thure—" he began.

But Toto's voice, as he escorted Rosa toward the door, drowned the words.

"Come on, Rosa. It ain't ever' lady that'd give ol' Bill a break. Shut de door behind you—dere's a pal."

Rosa swore in Italian, but the door closed.

LETTY VALE faced Don Bingham. Her small chin, molded for loveliness, was firm with determination.

"Nice weather we're having, Mr. Bingham. Or don't you like weather? I wonder if the crowns of spring hats will be low or—"

"You know I haven't got your bracelet. Why did you come to this place?"

A moment's appraisal of the room, slender crescents above her eyes lifted. "Rather jolly place, I think. Masculine but nice. Take those empty tobacco cans, for instance. They lend—"

"But I know who *has* got it," Don persisted.

Her eyes—they looked blue in this light, and smudged with weariness—widened with surprise.

"How did you know?"

The boy frowned. "Maybe you don't realize that a fellow you were playing buddy to last night is as smooth a pickpocket as you will find in New York. He can—"

Relief slid like a veil over Letty's oval face. Her mouth relaxed, softened. "Oh, you mean Chickweed! Isn't he remarkable? He told me tales that would make a toupee stand on end. But you're wrong, Adonis—about my bracelet, I mean. He hasn't it."

"We'll find out about that," Don said. "As soon as you leave here I'm going to find him and— Sit down! You're dead on your feet."

She obeyed, with an appreciative grin. "Your manners are feeling better this morning, aren't they? Now can we talk?"

"What is there to talk about? Certainly not the past?"

Letty made herself comfortable in the awkward wicker rocker which was the room's best.

"No. Not the past. I shouldn't have said what I did last night—about Harbor Point. We were kids then. Both of us. But it is something to remember, isn't it? Being together—and—"

An accordion swelled and deflated beneath the boy's ribs. He was afraid to speak, lest he say the wrong thing.

But Letty's smile disarmed him. He said, "It was swell. Nobody—nothing's ever been like it—or will be!"

From the mantel he lifted a cigarette, tamped it, threw it down. "Only this is *now*, Letty. Everything's different. Why did you come here?"

She ignored the anguish in his voice. Adroitly she stripped the moment of an exquisite danger; spoke matter-of-factly: "I never was what one might call a shrinking violet, was I? Well—since you ask me—I'm here because I wanted to be. Horrible reaction, isn't it?

Spoiled brat, I can hear you thinking. Ought to be spanked. Your eyes are cloudy with disapproval of me. But I mean—you can't just laugh off the bracelet business."

"No"—the words were measured—"you can't laugh that off." His glance touched the room lightly. "I'm beginning to see how you could believe I stole it. Even tramps appreciate diamonds."

Letty said, "Don't look like that, Don. Let me talk to you."

His answer was a laugh, and not pretty.

"I came down here because I wanted to see you," she went on. "Of *course* the bracelet is valuable—I didn't half appreciate it until last night. But there are other things—"

"You're not going to pull that one about spiritual values, are you?" He was all right now. Steady. "You're too original for a Florence Nightingale!"

"I could do worse," she snapped, and her words crackled like cellophane in restless fingers, "than light a lamp for a blind man!"

When the red strawberry appeared on her left cheek, Don knew Miss Letitia Vale was mad. He had seen that strawberry before. It was a legacy from some belligerent forebear, she once had told him.

"We happen to have been friends, Don Bingham," she tried again. "And I happen to be interested in my friends." Straight as the Golden Rule she sat. "You aren't the only person in this country who got knocked down. Only you forgot to wake up. You don't seem to know the whistle has blown for a new quarter. You're—" The strawberry deepened. She was so mad, her chin was quivering. "One of us is as stubborn as a donkey. And it isn't *me!*"

Don did not mean to take her hands. He would not have touched her for the world. But there her hands were, curled up somewhere in his. With both of them pretending not to notice.

Then he was moving away, putting space between them.

"Don—" Her voice followed him across the room, caressed him. "Don, why can't—"

A clock run down. A delicate, exquisite clock, for which there was no key offered.

He stood with his back toward her, looking out of the window.

"Letty—" As though the sound of her name were appeasement. "Maybe I've been yellow. I guess I have. I should have jumped up when the foul was called. I'm still too sore to tell." So badly he wanted to look at her! "But I'm glad you can't know what it means to wake up one bright morning and find your whole world shot to hell. To feel everything you've believed in since you were a kid tumbling in on you—and when you reach for the pieces, to find there aren't any. No bootstraps or anything. Not even a job! It's no cotillion, I can tell you," he finished feebly, ashamed of his loquacity.

"Go on," Letty said. "It's good for you to talk."

SHE told herself she would not see the shadows round his eyes. They were so dark, they frightened her.

"Hell's Kitchen is full of talk, Letty. Talk and its twin—whining. It's only *doing* that counts."

He had to smile when he looked at her. Small and eager, sitting among the relics of Hotel Windsor as serenely as a queen might grace her throne, she made the room shine.

Windsor Palace—that was it! The place was magical because Letty was here!

The space between them melted. Dragging a straight chair across the floor, Don straddled it and locked his arms over the spoked back which faced her.

"Listen, Letty. I'm getting out of this—*quick.* I'm going to start all over. I know now I can do it! It doesn't make any difference *where*—because some day soon I'll come back!"

"Geographically?" she asked, her eyes mirrors that reflected his mood. "Or spiritually?"

"Both! And when I do, little fighter—*you'll know it.*"

MAUDE WILLIAMSON

was born in Baltimore, studied expression, dancing, and music when young, but stepped out of a Virginia boarding school to be married. Wrote her first (and only) novel at the age of twelve. Started writing in earnest in 1932 and since then has sold about fifty offerings to various magazines.

It was like wine, laughing with her again, speaking a forgotten tongue. It was heady wine, transforming stringy lace curtains into translucent mist, making of ill-assorted furniture rare objects of art. It was an essence which replaced the odor of musty matting with enchanting ambrosia. It was—

It was enough to make a hungry boy forget he had not eaten in fourteen hours.

Was it any wonder, then, that Mr. Toto Barch was somewhat taken aback when he entered the room and found—what he found?

In the center of the room, his broad back toward the door, stood Bill Clymer, head bent, oblivious of an upset chair beside him, unmindful of a long white kid glove imprisoned beneath his heel—*alone.*

After the dark of the hall, the light distorted Toto's vision, and for one awful instant he could not breathe.

Then, "Gawd!" he squealed. "Wot you done wid 'er, Bill?"

The gaunt figure did not turn, or move, or speak.

Neither did Toto. But suddenly, unless his eyes were as cuckoo as his senses, Toto saw something white slide round the collar of a dark threadbare coat and lie still.

TOTO knew then. It was the arm of a girl whose body was hidden from view. And—he rubbed his eyes to make sure—upon the arm was a bracelet that even a blind man could see cost twenty grand in any language.

He coughed. He thanked his stars Rosa had stormed off in a fury. Rosa might have misunderstood. You never could count on dames. Look what this one would do in order to get back some jewelry.

"Excuse me, but"—like a veteran Toto stood his ground—"but your young man's gone to sleep, Miss Vale. He's on de steps in de hall."

It was then that Letty appeared, like a glowing comet from beneath a dark cheviot arm, to present a shy radiant face to Mr. Toto Barch.

"Oh—oh—oh, it's you!" She picked up her voice and set it on its feet. "I have my bracelet, Toto."

"So I sees," said Toto, stanch to the last.

"*You have what?*"

That was Don, wheeling about to catch Letty's wrist. "Why—"

A little over five feet of discreet dignity stepped firmly on the Bingham instep. "My bracelet. You know—what I came for."

The way she smiled at Toto would have made any man forget what she was talking about. "It was the funniest thing! But why say any more about it? You see"—one glance, as keen as Old Mother West Wind, straight into and away from Don's stunned eyes—"it's always better to settle things for one's self, don't you think so, Toto?"

Toto mumbled, "Yes'm." And after an appropriate silence, "Shall I wake up your young man for you?"

Letty slid into the coat Don held for her. Or maybe snuggled is a better word.

"Don't worry, Toto. Something seems to tell me"—Old Mother West Wind again—"that my young man is wide awake now. But if he isn't—I'll do the prodding."

Toto hardly knew *what* to think when Bill Clymer, who was usually as glum as a church, spoke up brightly: "You'd be good at that. The guy wouldn't go to sleep again, I'll bet!"

But the biggest surprise of all came a few minutes later when, with poor dazed Bunny in tow, the trio in the hall heard a voice calling after them:

"Did it ever occur to you, Miss Vale, that your young man thinks you're jake?"

And Miss Letitia Vale of Park Avenue yelled back to the third floor—as friendly as you please:

"I'll ask him tonight without fail." She giggled as Bunny Langdon pushed her through the street door. "That's one thing I've always wanted to find out!"

And the door of Windsor Palace shut with a sigh.

THE END

OUR SUPER-

Racket

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

TIMES SQUARE in New York City—the crossroads of the world! It is the center of the great and glamorous White Way, the main stop on the great street known as Broadway.

Times Square, where the nation's gay shows, songs, and the glittering stars of Hollywood first got their start. That is the Times Square everybody knows.

But the Times Square nobody knows is the double-cross roads of the world, the headquarters of the sinister Board of Strategy, new name in a new era for a small and powerful combine of super-racketeers.

High up in an office building on Times Square is the "directors'" room for the Board of Strategy, that modern development which grew out of the old-time racketeering gangs. From a room in Times Square are ruled Boards of Strategy all over the land in every major city. From that room are evolved the newest in racketeering angles designed to mulct a million dollars every twenty-four hours, at the least, from the men and women of this country.

Board of Strategy! It is a simple name for a mighty combine. It has the connotation of high finance and militarism, and that's exactly what it is: a board to handle millions of illegal profit and organized by strategists who would put many a grizzled army general to shame.

In comparison with the Board of Strategy, the racketeering overlords of the prohibition era seem like neighborhood hoodlums snatching oranges from a corner fruit stand. And this Board of Strategy is today's super-racketeering setup.

It was the dubious privilege of this writer not so long ago to witness a gathering of the clan for a board meeting in the Times Square "directors'" room. The opportunity came through a tip-off from a reliable source.

GOVERNMENT OF *steers*

SKETCHES BY
ROBERT A. CAMERON

An Amazing Revelation of Hidden Power Which Defies the Forces of Law and Holds the Entire Nation in Its Grip

by MARTIN MOONEY

It was late in the afternoon. The side streets around Times Square were sending out show girls, night-club entertainers, waiters, nighthawk taxicab drivers, and all the sort of people who have breakfast just before sundown. It took exactly sixty minutes for the members of the board to gather for one of their not very frequent sessions. It was an executive regular meeting and the members entered the lobby of the building in which they met with a punctuality known only to men who have waited for the "zero hour." They were going over the top, too, these super-racketeers. But for what a cause!

Had the two elevator boys known the men they were carrying up, their eyes would have become as round as saucers. As it was, the boys were somewhat puzzled. For automatically they noticed that the men they took to the fourteenth floor of the building were picked up at the twelfth floor when they were ready to leave.

This writer received the explanation for this move. In case of possible curiosity or inquiry on the part of outsiders, the men went to a law-firm office on the fourteenth floor. But it was in the relatively small, plainly furnished inside room of an inconspicuous real-estate firm on the twelfth floor that the Board of Strategy went into executive session.

Who were the men who made up the Board of Strategy? The names of three of them, if ever disclosed, would rock the very foundations of New York's political life and have reverberations in Washington and the major cities of the country. Another was a man whose business is one of the most reputable in the East. Still another member was a man known to be confidant and closest friend of a high police official. Then finally there were the two men who never had any business or legitimate connection with any sort of activity, yet who were the men who controlled the man-power machine which carried out the dictates of the board. These two most closely approximated the old-time term "gangsters."

Counterparts of these men meet regularly in similar strategy board meetings in every section of the country. What sort of men are they? What types? There is the suave attorney, who pulls the legal strings but never appears in court himself. William Powell of the movies best personifies this type. Then there is the powerful politician, the man who takes orders from no one in running the local machinery. It is a far cry to this man from the old-fashioned ward leader. Impeccably groomed, Lewis Stone is the best composite portrait of his type. The sleek gambler, looking like a George Raft slightly aged, makes the third outstanding member. This man keeps the mobster element in line. Spot a few businessmen around the table now—Lionel Barrymore and Jack Holt—and there you have the typical Board of Strategy, which ranges from five members to twelve, depending on the territory they control.

THUS did the board meet in a building in Times Square to settle problems of procedure and behavior. They wasted no time when they got together. They got down to business at once, without commenting to each other about the weather, their golf game, or other trivials. They were there to get a job done.

What was their job? It was simply to strengthen further their hold over the seven sinister rackets which they, from their meeting place on Times Square, controlled throughout the land by force of a combine which included businessmen, politicians, police protection, and refined gangster tactics.

Seven sinister rackets! Seven deadly rackets! They

controlled each and every one of those activities which are designed to produce millions in illegal gain in every city of the country.

In the bathtub-gin era there were the gamblers and there were the rumrunners, and that was about the extent of big-time racketeering. Anything outside those two was just subsidiary and small-time stuff.

But today, 1935 A. D.—Anno Depressionis—there are seven major rackets, each one headed by one or two outstanding men. These men, powerful though they are in their own racketeering fields, are just branch managers, answerable directly to the Board of Strategy, which is a stern and exacting Big Boss.

Rather than detail a roster of the rackets which this writer gathered through private contacts, it might be wiser to resort to a recently published " racket register " prepared by New York City police and by federal agents. The " racket register " is official and includes the following, all of equal importance in the racketeering domain of the Board of Strategy:

The so-called " Brooklyn Racket." This includes operation of extortion schemes; of loan-shark agencies and buying of stolen or smuggled diamonds; laundry and cleaning and dyeing business; some illicit liquor and fake whisky-label business.

The " Artichoke Racket." Control of certain kinds of fruits and vegetables, especially perishable products like strawberries, peaches, grapes, lettuce, spinach, celery, melons, etc. Also, especially in New York City, the control of poultry. This racket includes levying of a racketeering tax on each box or crate or carload of produce handled, and control of prices by intimidation of wholesalers and retailers.

The " Policy Racket." Control of the $500,000,000-a-year game of numbers in every section of the country.

The " Industrial Racket." The business of supplying strong-arm gangs and leaders for industrial strife and for intimidation of unions as well as employers and small businessmen.

The " Night-Club Racket." Control of cabarets, profitable bars and cafés, dance halls and restaurants and hotels. The Board of Strategy gets a cut in receipts or soon knows the reason why. It also, in many instances, actually controls interests in the biggest night clubs in all major cities, investing surplus funds in many such establishments.

The " Shakedown Racket." Control of professional gamblers and gaming houses, dice and roulette tables, commercialized vice, narcotics, stock and real-estate traders, slot machines, and the very recently inaugurated bagatelle or pinball games; electric-crane prize machines which they have made to order; minor lottery devices and punchboards.

The " Racing Racket." Control of horse racing and dog racing.

That is the " racket register "—the bluebook of today's illicit wealth. Those are the projects which the Board of Strategy in every major city in the United States could list in a prospectus, if they so desired.

IT is no wonder that the gangsters of prohibition days were, in comparison, small fry. It is a vast empire of illegal earnings that the Board of Strategy must control. How this control is exercised and with what precision and power is another very little known story.

Like any good executive body, the Board of Strategy consists of committees. Each committee is entrusted with one branch of activity, all working toward the central and most important fact that the Board of Strategy must remain invincible.

What these committees are, how they are formed and how they work, is hereby, in these pages, revealed for the first time anywhere. The entire Board of Strategy is the Executive Committee and controls implicitly every move of the subsidiary committee groups. Which committee is the most important is a moot question among members of the board. Opinion is about evenly divided as to whether the New Projects Committee is the most vital branch of the organization.

Let a man build a better mousetrap than any other man and the New Projects Committee is the first to beat a path to his door. If necessary it will " blast " a path to his door, but it will invariably be there first to investigate all angles and possibilities.

It is the business of the committee to find new business for the Board of Strategy to handle, wherever and whatever it may be. The board cannot afford to overlook a good thing and usually manages to get in on the ground floor.

When the " mechanical rabbit " was perfected and dog racing started in California, the Board of Strategy had its lines laid immediately. When slot machines were declared taboo in many cities and some one developed the ancient game of bagatelle into a big money-maker, the New Projects Committee had a report ready for the strategy board.

It Pays to Racketize! On that slogan the Board of Strategy bases its operations. It is up to the New Projects Committee to see the possibilities of the paying end months before any one else does.

THIS projects committee is made up of shrewd and canny businessmen. It is to them that the board refers projects brought to its attention as potential profit-makers. No banker, investigating the credentials of a man asking for a loan, is as thorough as the projects committee. The investigations are exhaustive, cost thousands of dollars sometimes; but when a report is made, the subject is covered from every possible angle. A board of strategy can't afford to go in on anything but a sure thing.

Vying in importance with the New Projects Committee is the Surveillance Committee. A member of it recently told this writer he had seen a fine motion picture.

" You know," he said, " I saw that fellow Cagney in G-Men. It means government men. I've been thinkin' and I'm going to tell the boys we ought to call ourselves R-Men—racket men. Get it? Anyway, have a beer."

And that's exactly what the Surveillance Committee is composed of, R-Men. They comprise the secret-service force of the Board of Strategy. A majority of the members of the committee are former investigators who either lost or gave up their jobs with big and reputable private detective agencies. They are professional detectives, some of them the shrewdest in the business. They are well paid and do work similar to that required by any well established detective agency.

This Surveillance Committee has diversified business to transact. As a secret-service force it operates on all sorts of angles, some on the surface not having even a remote connection with anything illegal. But when all the reports are in, boiled down by expert investigators who establish links in the building of a certain chain, the Board of Strategy has the most complete and detailed information it is possible to secure.

These secret-service men are used to shadow men who are being investigated by the board as to character, legal or illegal activities, home life, women, financial status, play habits. It is this secret service which swiftly detects the double cross in any of its many forms and makes a report. What happens after that is up to the Executive Committee.

Where the Surveillance Committee is primarily a secret-service organization, the Contact Committee works in the open and is practically a public affair. This committee is composed of smooth and dapper confidence men. Some are college graduates with high intellectual achievements, speaking several languages, and who would feel perfectly at ease should the conversation turn to Plato or Aristotle or the origin of the primates. They are in most cases elegantly groomed, well spoken, and perfectly at home in a governor's mansion, a literary salon, or a Park Avenue boudoir.

The men of this committee tread dangerous ground with the agility of a tight-rope performer. Their work is highly specialized, for it is up to them to discover if a man can be " reached " and how it can be done. Sometimes they work for months on one person, traveling to all sections of the globe. They are the ones who contact an important person who is needed by the board to complete a foolproof unbreakable chain that binds a business to a racket. They find weak spots in such persons, work

on them, steer them, and if they fail in getting the desired results, then the board knows it can't be done by any one.

Similar in some respects to the Contact Committee is the Lobby Committee. This committee is what might be called the press-agent department—or, in the newer terminology, the public relations counselors. The Lobby Committee is composed of men of various types and ages. One member is a man seventy-one years old, white-haired and patriarchal. He is in Washington where, by his own admission, he can call at least a dozen Senators and scores of Congressmen to come up and see him for a drink and some poker. And nine and a half times out of ten every man he thus invites is there on the dot.

He is a lobbyist to whom the munitions men, the power interests, and public-utility leaders would give plenty of money if they could have him on their side. He is, however, quite content to be a Lobby Committee man for the Board of Strategy. His sons and daughters and his grandchildren all have substantial trust funds which he provided for them on his seventieth birthday.

"I'm going to leave nary a red cent in my estate," he says with a chuckle. "I'm well pleased with my life's work."

Not only in Washington does the board have its lobbyists, but in every state capital throughout the Union. They are there to protect the racketeering interests. Gambling laws, racing laws, investment laws, and criminal laws are manipulated through these lobbyists. There you have it. The Board of Strategy not only breaks the laws but it also helps to make them.

These committees, explained here for the first time, do not, obviously, work as detached and separate units. Although, occasionally, the Executive Committee of the strategy board may not let the right hand know what the left is doing, the committees are interrelated in many aspects of their work.

The New Projects group usually calls on the Surveillance and Contact Committees to carry on investigations and contacts; or the Lobby Committee may call on the Surveillance and New Projects Committees to submit reports. Like the stock buyer of the boom days, the Board of Strategy frequently orders reports from the committees for the "long pull." The information may not be used immediately but is kept on file, so that it can be used to best advantage when the proper time comes.

ONE of the safeguards employed by the strategy board is to have information on every type and variety of politician, no matter how small or obscure he may be. Almost automatically, every man seeking any sort of public office is thoroughly and completely investigated. Furthermore, when any person is being investigated and reported on, there is always ordered a similar report on that person's best and closest friend, man or woman. The "friend check" is for the purpose of "reaching" a man if it becomes necessary to use hidden persuasion.

The Board of Strategy, it was explained to this writer, has found this method of peculiar advantage, especially if an unforeseen change in a city or state government suddenly looms up and threatens the rock-firm security of the board. There is no case on record where the board did not "have something" on a man holding public office.

All this is accomplished through the elaborate Surveillance Committee reports on the great, the near-great, and even the puny men of public life. The setup is comparable with the work of the French Sûreté, the secret police who have records on 90 per cent of the population of France. In this work of knowing all, seeing all, and hearing all, the Boards of Strategy throughout the entire country co-operate closely. Should a man go from Chicago to New York, the Chicago board relays all its information to the New York end. The same is true of every major city.

Since the Board of Strategy does not have to worry about laws, it moves unhampered in securing evidence for the secret dossiers—the case histories of men who may some day be important and necessary to "reach."

You have to know the law in order to break it or circumvent it, and the Board of Strategy is amply prepared to handle this angle of its business. As has been told, when the board met in the Times Square building, the members went first to the fourteenth floor, where they entered an office, before descending two flights to a meeting room. That fourteenth-floor office was the office of a learned former attorney who had been disbarred for chicanery in his profession. Any disbarred attorney who actually knows the law is ripe for the Board of Strategy. These disbarred attorneys are the men who can find loopholes in existing laws. They also study all proposed new legislation and can find weak points. Thus are the henchmen who are employed by the board protected through writs, appeals, and all the complicated legal machinery which gives the accused in the hands of the law a better than even break.

It has already been announced that New York State's recently passed public-enemy law is going to be dragged through all the courts to test its constitutionality.

THE super-racketeering setup is indeed businesslike and complex. Many a big executive might have his hands full in handling such a complicated mechanism. Yet the Board of Strategy machinery is working as smoothly as the engines of a powerful transport plane. Not only does perfect performance mean that illegal millions continue to pour in steadily, but upon it depend the very lives of many men. There can be no thought of a jam in any section of the setup. It has to work. That is the great menace in the powerful super-racketeering organization. It has to work and every means is employed to keep it working. If a governor, a mayor, a district attorney, a police chief, or other public official, finds himself unable to handle a problem, the worst that can happen is that he has to resign or fails to be re-elected. But if the Board of Strategy should find itself unable to handle a problem, the lives of the members would be in immediate jeopardy. Their illegal connection is too powerful to allow for any alternative but death.

With this strange situation prevalent throughout the United States today there is, nevertheless, very little violence sanctioned by the super-racketeers. It is one of the most interesting commentaries on 1935's racketland, and heretofore it has never been made clear.

The super-racketeer shuns violence. It is a new psychology which has been found highly profitable. Violence breeds violence, and bloody scenes arouse public indignation which may flare out of control and result in a sudden swift change in law-enforcement and political personnel. Thus today there are no longer sensational murders of men like Frankie Yale, Frank Marlowe, "Big Jim" Colosimo, and others who were wiped off the rumrunning roster. Today, when and if there is a gangster shooting, it is usually that of a small-time member of a minor gang. The Board of Strategy has plenty of ways of putting a man on the spot without machine-gun violence.

The story which best illustrates the point that the Board of Strategy works with a new psychology is an angle of the John Dillinger hunt and his death at the hands of quick-shooting federal agents.

During the terror reign of Dillinger, every Board of Strategy in the land realized that he was "bad business." Shooting his way out of places meant death to innocent persons and violence which inflamed the public mind. Using the head was far superior, the new racketeer chiefs felt.

So long as Dillinger was alive this stigma of violence was a menace to organized racketeering.

Therefore, this is what happened:

Government special agents were working day and night to get on the track of the killer. So the Boards of Strategy throughout the country, from San Francisco to St. Louis, to Chicago, to Miami, to New York, decided to take matters into their own hands. They already had their own secret service. They could not work with the G-men openly, of course, but they could carry on a hunt of their own for Dillinger.

Now it can be told how they got him. There never was a "woman in red"—the woman who was supposed to have turned informer.

The real "woman in red" was the powerful menacing super-racketeering Board of Strategy, which put the finger on a Public Enemy No. 1.

THE END

Strange Glory

A Story of Love Tried by Fire—The Swift, Tense Tale of a Stormy Night's Adventure, and a Lover's Doubts that Died with the Dawn

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE two of them sat within the small coupé while the rain hammered upon it in a furious tattoo that surrounded them completely, isolated them from all else by a wall of sound.

The glow of the dashboard light illuminated Barbara Forrester's profile as she peered through the streaming windshield into the tumultuous darkness. Bruce noticed the sweetly curved line of the mouth and chin, the soft shadowed hollow of the eye, the smooth bright helmet of her hair. Abruptly he said to her:

"I think we'd better run for the house now. It's nearly three o'clock."

She turned to him quickly. He thought: I'll bet you practiced that gesture. I'll bet you sat in front of your mirror and jerked your head around like that, with your eyes wide and shining and your lips parted just a little, until you *knew* you looked as wonderful as hell.

Barbara said to him: "If I go in now I'll get soaked. It can't last much longer—it's raining too hard. Let's talk."

"O. K. on the talk," said Bruce Hanley.

The girl observed him moodily. He sat quite still, watching the raindrops racing one another down the glass. He was very long and thin and awkward, with an awkwardness that, strangely, seemed graceful. His black hair curled slightly from the dampness. His face was narrow, rugged, almost stony. All but his mouth. That had a peculiar quirk to which Barbara's gaze was drawn each time she looked at him. She couldn't help staring at his mouth. It caused a curious tingling in her own lips.

"Bruce," exclaimed Barbara suddenly, "why did you come to Ocean Point?"

"Because I was tired," he told her simply. "Tired of cities; of talking to politicians; of writing about fires and murders and kidnapings and lost dogs. Because I wanted to get away for two weeks to a place where nothing ever happens."

"You certainly found it," said Barbara. "We've been coming to Ocean Point for eleven seasons. The only excitement I can remember was four years ago when Mrs. Truesdale fell in Wreck Pond. She said she was after bullfrogs. So you don't think much of being a star reporter on a great metropolitan journal, Bruce?"

"Oh, it's splendid," he replied brightly. "You meet so many interesting people."

"All right," Barbara said. "Be that way." A pause. "I wish you didn't have to go back tomorrow."

"Me too," casually.

"Well, I don't notice any tears. Listen. I want to tell you something. Remember when I first met you—at the pool—the second day you were here? I was swinging my tennis racket and it flew out of my hand and hit you on the ankle."

"Sure, I remember."

"Well, it didn't *really* fly out. I let it go."

"I know it."

"Oh, you *do?*"

"Sure I do. Your face was all ready with its cute expression of horrified distress before the racket touched me."

"Well, I never—of all the *conceit*—well, you certainly hate yourself, don't you?"

When the angry tapping of her foot was interrupted by her laugh, it wasn't quite as Bruce had expected it would be. It wasn't free, wholehearted, as one might laugh at a joke on one's self. Instead it was forced, low, rather pitiful—a child's laugh to cover a hurt. Bruce felt uneasy. He felt as though, in some not understood fashion, he had done something for which he should be ashamed.

"I wanted to meet you the first day, Barbara," he said swiftly. "But I didn't know how."

"Thank you," she said. Her voice was thin. "It is difficult to meet people in a place like Ocean Point. Usually the crowd that has been coming here summer after summer keep pretty much to themselves. You're the only person in a long time who—"

She stopped. Her lower lip was between her teeth.

"I should be very grateful, I know," Bruce said sardonically. "The pretty, rich, and fashionable Barbara Forrester chooses a seventy-five-dollar-a-week reporter as her personal escort from among the hundreds who—Oh, Barbara, I'm sorry!"

He touched her hand briefly. Even in that dim light he could see that her face went white.

"What are you sorry for?" she asked quietly.

"For saying a thing like that. You know how happy I've been these two weeks, knowing you and going places with you—Lord, you made this place for me! If it hadn't been for you I'd have had a miserable time. Make believe I never said that, won't you?"

A rumble of thunder, far off, intruded. It seemed to increase the fury of the wind and rain.

"I know how you feel about me, Bruce," Barbara declared evenly. "You don't like girls who just—live. I don't blame you. I go to cocktail parties and teas and dances, and with a suitable companion I neck on occasion. If my father lost his money I couldn't earn enough to keep me in caviar. The pretty, rich, and fashionable Barbara Forrester! Right. And that's all. But I want to tell you this. No matter what you think of me, I think you're the finest person I ever met in my life. Shall we go in now?"

"Barbara!" Bruce cried. "I—good Lord, I don't know what to— Listen, Barbara; I—"

Barbara was pulling an ineffectual cloud of gauzy material about her head; it had not been raining when they started out. Her hand was on the door opener. A sudden furious blast of wind shook the car, and the rain seemed to stop for a moment as the roaring of the gale drowned out its crashing beat.

"Come on—we've got to run!" the girl exclaimed.

She leaped from the car directly into a puddle. The

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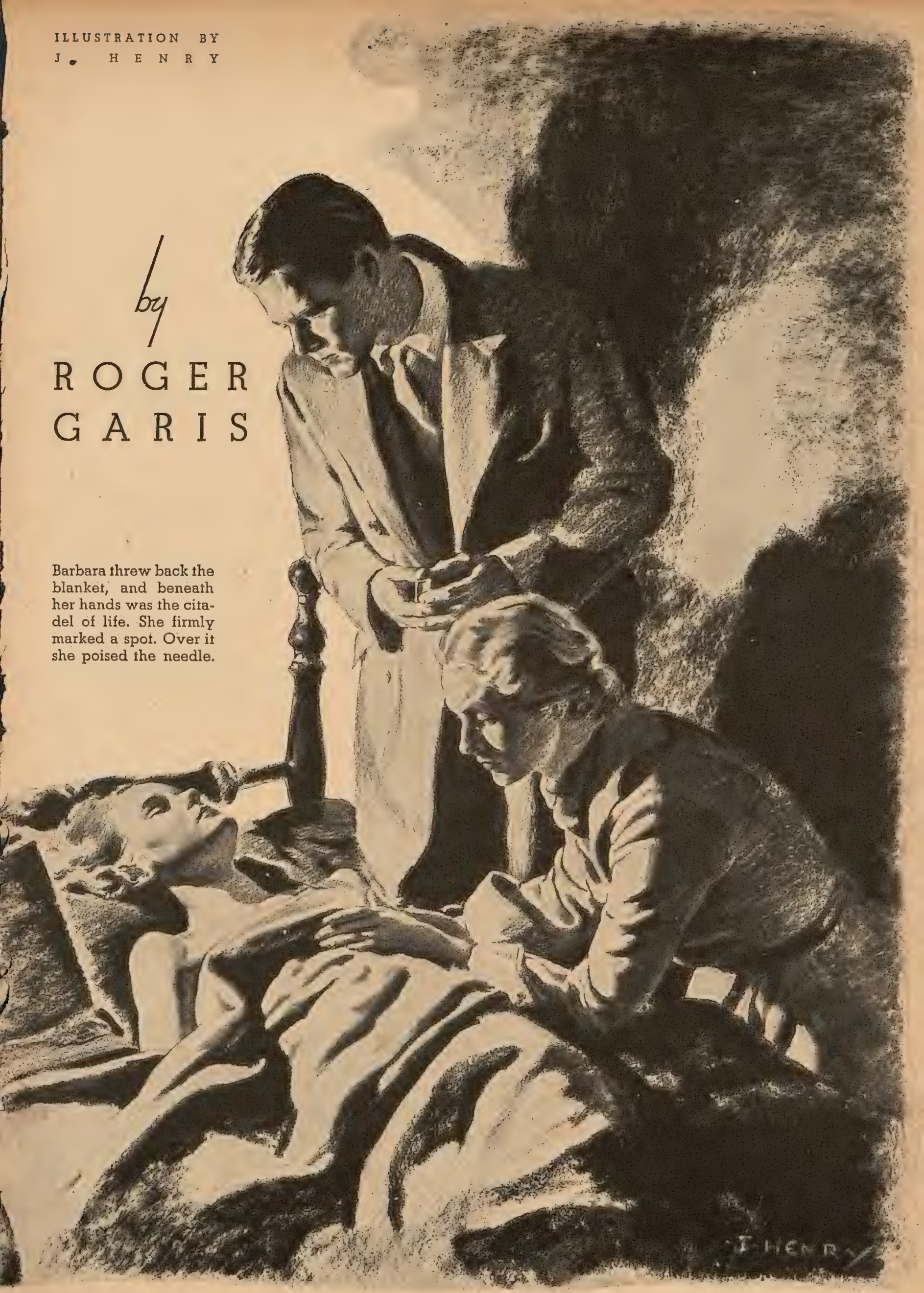

Barbara threw back the blanket, and beneath her hands was the citadel of life. She firmly marked a spot. Over it she poised the needle.

next moment her feet flashed ahead of Bruce. He came after her, wallowing. Rapiers of rain stabbed at them. They lowered their heads and ran up the path that cut the great expanse of lawn dotted with tall copper beeches. The treetops were sweeping the black sky madly. Between two mounds of shuddering hydrangea bushes the path wound, and then to the wide porch.

Breathless, Barbara stood beneath the porch light. Drops of rain glistened on her honey-colored hair. Her lashes, heavy with water, fringed her eyes in shadows. The illumination from above cameoed the clear oval of her face.

"'O night and storm and darkness! ye are wondrous strong, yet lovely in your strength—' I forget," Barbara panted, her breast rising and falling as with the fresh eager breaths of a child.

Bruce took a step toward her. Then he halted. For through and above the tumult of the storm came a weird, fearful hooting.

It was like the desperate bellowing of an insane giant—wild, horrible.

"What in heaven's name is that?" Bruce gasped.

Barbara laughed. "It's the Ocean Point fire signal." She paused, noting the blasts. "Three long and one short. That's the emergency call. For an accident. We have an ambulance unit at Ocean Point besides a volunteer fire department. The men need a signal like that to get them."

Again it sounded, thrusting terror into the night.

"Bruce, let's go in and find out what it is! We can telephone to the firehouse."

"The last night of my vacation," he grinned. "Sure—might as well get back in harness. Let's go."

As they entered the huge high-ceilinged hall and closed the door behind them the violence of the storm receded and the dignity of the house confronted Bruce. It made him feel vaguely uncomfortable. He would have preferred the rude friendliness of the tempest.

"The telephone is behind that little screen," Barbara said.

Bruce lifted the receiver. To the operator: "What's that emergency call?" He listened tensely. Barbara saw amazement stamp itself on his face—amazement and horror. He did not speak.

Finally he said flatly, "Thank you," and slowly turned to the girl.

"There's a ship afire," he said deliberately. "Three miles off Ocean Point. A passenger ship. All persons desiring to assist the survivors, who will probably come in at Ocean Point, are requested to report to fire headquarters. That's what the operator told me. I know what I've got to do," he went on grimly. "Can I put through a long-distance call on this phone?"

"Of course you can. Oh, Bruce—it's so horrible to think of—"

Almost mechanically Bruce lifted the receiver again.

"Give me the office of the New York Express, a newspaper in Manhattan," he said. "The number is Beekman 4-9999."

PETE ROMAINE, a rewrite man, answered. Bruce, speaking calmly, said:

"Pete, I'm down at Ocean Point. There's a ship—"

"You're *where?*" Pete yelled.

"At Ocean Point. There's a ship—"

"Hey, boss!" Pete had turned from the phone. His voice was distant. "It's Hanley. He says he's at Ocean Point."

Over the five hundred miles of wire from New York came the sounds of scrambling, scuffling. Then the low clipped tones of Ben Fisk, the city editor:

"Hanley, where the hell are you?"

"Ocean Point. I told Pete—"

"Ocean Point—great God! Listen, Hanley! Have you seen the ship? Is the fire bad? Are the lifeboats—"

"Wait, wait, Ben!" Bruce stemmed the flow of words decisively. "I just found out about the ship. I'm three blocks from the beach. It's raining like hell. I'll get down there as soon as I can. I've got a car. But right now I don't know any more about it than you do."

There was a pause and Bruce visualized the thin vibrating body of Fisk and his burning eyes as he poised himself for action. Then:

"All right. All right. Now listen. This is what we got from the A. P., and it's *all* we got. At 2 A. M.—an hour ago—the motorship Triton, homeward bound from a North Cape cruise, sent an S O S from a position five miles off the coast, about opposite Ocean Point. Can you hear me?"

"Yes—go ahead."

"The S O S said the ship was afire. Said it would try to make the shore—to beach it. That was an hour ago. Two ships are on the way to the Triton—a United Fruiter and one coming from Halifax. They're still quite a ways off. And that's all we know—except that the Triton is eighteen thousand tons and has a passenger list of three hundred. That's all we know. Where are you phoning from?"

"A private house."

"Can you keep that wire open?"

"I don't know—" He swung toward Barbara. Her figure was tense, strained, her eyes dark with excitement. "Barbara, can we keep this wire open? I don't know how many trunk lines lead from Ocean Point."

"Three. Yes, certainly you can have this wire."

"O. K.!" Bruce yelled into the transmitter. "O. K., Ben. The wire stays open."

FISK swore his thanks. Then Bruce told him he was going down to the beach to see the ship, and then to the coast-guard station.

"Get to another phone!" Fisk shouted. "Make arrangements with the emergency bureau of the phone company to put you through on this trunk no matter where you call from. Get it? This is our wire. Give the operator your name. Tell the operator to cut you in on this wire from any point. And let me know as soon as the first lifeboat is sighted—the first survivor ashore. Get names—children most important—"

"Yes, yes, yes!" Bruce shouted back. "Keep a rewrite man on your end!"

"Pete Romaine!" Bruce heard Fisk scream.

Bruce jiggled the hook, got the operator. Then the emergency bureau. Told his story. Yes, it could be done. How long would he want the wire open? "Indefinitely!" Bruce snapped. Then he switched back to the Express office, ordered Romaine to chain himself to the desk, and stood the receiver upon the table.

"Bruce, you take father's rain things," Barbara said to him. "In that closet." The girl helped him find them. Bruce got into the waterproofed tweed, stuck his feet in the rubbers.

"Barbara, I've got to run!" he exclaimed. "I can't talk any more now—but I want to—"

"Go ahead, Bruce," the girl said quickly. "But be careful—please be careful!"

"Sure—I will."

As he plunged into the storm he saw her standing there, one hand forward in a gesture of farewell.

The rain had lessened but the wind was still high. Driving toward the ocean, Bruce heard the fire signal intermittently, and from several houses he saw men emerging, pulling on coats and hats as they ran. A car shot past him, its horn shrieking steadily. In the distance he heard the siren of an ambulance or a fire truck. A queer impression came to him. It seemed that the little town of Ocean Point was in the first stages of a wild fever.

Bruce glanced at the clock on the dashboard and saw that it was 3.15—the darkest, lowest part of all the night. What was it Barbara had quoted? "O night and storm and darkness! ye are wondrous strong—"

The ocean road. Before him was the narrow boardwalk and beyond that sand and the sea. The boardwalk lights were on. Bruce could not look past their glow. He stopped the car and got out.

The wind from the east flailed him, carrying the taste of salt to his lips. It blew with uneven force. Pulsations. Bruce thought: That wind may save lives, by driving the lifeboats ashore.

He ran across the boardwalk to the beach. Peering through the dark, he saw the burning ship.

It was not a solid mass of fire, as he had imagined, but many dots of flame that enlarged and shrunk like magic circles. He saw no darting swords of red. The fire did not leap. It appeared to be confined, as though it were burning within the hull and only in some places had eaten through. Then, in a sudden mushroom of red light, he saw the funnels of the vessel, and below them small white objects which were the lifeboats. As this flare died, the ship, for a moment, disappeared into the blackness. She drew behind the backdrop of the night. Then again she was visible, outlined by the points of fire.

The frantic warning of a siren cut through the roar of the surf. Bruce faced about, saw an ambulance speed along the ocean road, and, running back over the wet sand, he sprang into his car. Madly he drove to the coast-guard station. Three ambulances were parked there and a fourth was across the road. Groups of men were standing about. The lights from the autos and from the station showed their anxious faces. There was nothing they could do but wait. Hold themselves in readiness for the first lifeboat to reach the land. Fishermen, farmers, and tradesmen, torn from their placid existences to take part in this drama fate had brought to their shore.

BRUCE, as he hurried toward the station, noticed that the rain was now scarcely more than wind-driven spray, likely only a temporary lull in the storm. Inside the low-roofed timbered station men in great black rubber coats and hats and boots were tramping about, speaking with harsh rumbling voices, in them cold rage at the elements which kept them from their work of rescue.

Marking one who appeared to be in command, a broad-shouldered browned man with thick sun-whitened eyebrows, Bruce asked:

"Have any coast-guard boats gone out yet, captain?"

The steady blue eyes stared at Bruce. "Who the hell are you?"

"I'm a newspaperman. From the New York Express."

"A newspaperman! Good God!"

"Listen, captain. I'll help all I can. I feel as bad about those poor people in that vessel as you do. Anything I can do I will. Get that straight!"

The man started. His hand came up, drew across his strained face.

"Yeah, son. I guess so. It was just that— What do you want to know?"

"Have you been able to get any boats out to the Triton?"

"We've been trying. Wind's awful strong—heavy sea. One of our men lost—the last time. Boat tipped. Cracked his head. Few hundred yards out—couldn't save him. Drowned. Got his body—in there."

"What was his name?" Bruce asked gently. He got out his pencil. "How old was he?"

"Abner Norris. About forty, I

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guess. Been with us eight years. Not married, thank God."

Bruce wrote. Then: "May I have your name, captain?"

"Conklin. Frank Conklin. Captain of Ocean Point coast-guard station 84."

"Do you expect any lifeboats in from the Triton?"

"Good God, man! That's what we're praying for. They may get in—it's only a little over two miles and an east wind. The thing that gets me is that people are burning to death, just out there, on a boat we can see, and we have to stay here—doing nothing!"

He too felt the impotency of men against the forces of nature.

Bruce asked if he could use the telephone. "I won't keep it long—just to report to my paper what you've told me."

"All right," said the captain wearily. "In that corner."

Ben Fisk himself took Bruce's story. His controlled voice was taut with excitement. "We're going on the street at six o'clock—an extra. Only one in New York, I'll bet. Bruce, you'll be famous for this!"

That's the way he talked. Pep the men up. Famous! Stories that endured for a single day or for a single edition.

Bruce went out of the station toward the beach.

The burning ship could be seen plainly, directly off Ocean Point; but somehow the distance between her and the shore seemed to have increased, as though she had drifted out to sea. But that was impossible. The wind would tend to carry her in. Perhaps it was, Bruce thought, the effect of constantly staring at that black stretch of ocean. The mounting sense of ineffectualness.

Captain Conklin, swaying toward Bruce as he leaned against the wind, told him the Oraton station, eleven miles up the coast, had succeeded in getting a motor-dory through the breakers.

"I hope to God they make it!" he said passionately, his big body moving from side to side like a freighter seeking a mooring. "We're stopped. Look at that ship out there—look at her! Cooking people alive on her decks—those who haven't gone overboard—and us here, a few miles away—"

He turned and strode across the wet sand, his head bowed. A few moments later Bruce saw the beam of a searchlight dart wildly about the heaving waves. It appeared to be frenzied.

The wind had quieted in brief restraint as the rain again flooded the night, and men turned up their collars but did not move from their places, standing stiffly and watching the sea. Two coast-guard craft were on the beach, as though they had just crawled up from the surf, defeated. The beam of light continued its mad dance over the water. Raindrops shot through it like leaden pellets. It focused on a furious wave far out, leaped from it and returned. A shout arose:

"There's a lifeboat—a lifeboat—a lifeboat—"

SLOWLY, as though the force that drove it was nearly spent, it made its way toward the shore in weary surges. Two men were at the oars. In the bow a group of people were huddled. The searchlight revealed their arms outstretched while the rain poured upon their heads.

Bruce heard Captain Conklin bellow: "Come on, men! Into the surf! Hold hands—each man grab another—keep your feet!"

Bruce ran toward the forming human chain. He found himself knee-deep in foaming water, grasping the wrists of men on either side of him, and his own wrists seized securely. Beyond him were three others. Conklin was the farthest out, and for a moment Bruce saw him swept under by a wave. But he was hauled to safety and now stood firmly. The boat approached them. More men entered the surf. Conklin yelled to the survivors: "Here! Pull over here!"

A merciful billow lifted the boat toward those waiting. The rowers pulled desperately and Conklin's free hand was on the gunwale.

"Haul in!" he yelled.

Muscles strained. Fiercely men strove to keep the sea from reclaiming the craft. Another wave—the boat's bottom scraped the sand.

Bruce shook the water from his eyes. A woman among those in the bow was crying something, and then Bruce heard a man near him exclaim:

"Good God! Two kids in it!"

Bruce clung to the gunwale, his strength gone. He was dazed. His right arm pained terribly. He thought, I must have wrenched it—caught it on one of the oarlocks.

"Get the kids out!"

The white beam was piling light into the boat. Bruce saw a small motionless form under one of the seats. Forgetting the agony of his injury, he lifted out the child, a girl; and as she lay still in his arms he thought of a day, when he was very young, that he had picked up a bird from the ground and cupped it in his hands, soft, warm, and dead.

Starting to trudge up the beach with his burden, he almost stumbled into a woman, a tall full-breasted woman in a raincoat. She said: "Give her to me. Give her to me quickly."

WITHOUT a word Bruce obeyed, and the woman held the child to her breast. Eight or nine years old—not very light—but the woman carried her firmly, marching through the rain to one of the ambulances. Bruce watched her with a strange sense of unreality. It was as though she had come to him, taken the child, and gone with her, all a part of a wild dream.

He was near the coast-guard station now, and one of the guardsmen halted in front of him and cried:

"Hey, what the hell, buddy! Your arm!"

Bruce looked at it stupidly. His right arm felt warmer than the left. The sleeve of his coat was blood-soaked.

"Go in and have that fixed," the man said to Bruce.

It was hurting him again, severely. Inside the station a girl from the lifeboat clutched at Bruce.

"Grace—Grace!" she moaned. "Tell me where Grace is—my baby—"

"She's all right," Bruce said. "She's gone in an ambulance."

The girl fainted, was caught by a man and helped to a cot. A tall fellow in a sweater, no shirt or coat, stared at Bruce curiously.

"We had to leave her kid," he said. "She was dead. Burned. Why did you—"

Bruce shook his head, peeled off his coat. His arm was gashed from the wrist to the elbow. He found a roll of bandages in a box on the wall, and was trying to wind the wound tightly to stop the bleeding, when Captain Conklin saw him and said: "Here, let me."

First he poured iodine on the long cut, and Bruce went back on his heels. The room turned completely red. But he did not go out, retaining consciousness by cursing horribly to himself.

"Better?"

"Sure," said Bruce. "Thanks. Can I use the phone for a minute?"

"This is the last time," snapped Conklin. "Sorry, buddy, but we need it. Go ahead now."

Bruce got through to his office and was telling his story, bracing himself with his knees against the desk, fighting back nausea. A paper was shoved in front of him.

"Conklin says to give you this—names of those in the first boat."

Bruce repeated them over the wire. At the end he heard Fisk's voice: "Can you stick with it, kid? We're giving you a by-line in fourteen-point—"

"Oh, yeah?" Bruce laughed, his mouth twisted. "That's swell!"

A big coast guard with dripping blond hair stood in the doorway and yelled: "Where's Conklin?" On his shoulder was a young boy, grave, white-faced.

The man filled the doorway. Bruce thought of St. Christopher fording the stream with the Christ-child.

"Is there another boat in?" Bruce asked.

"Yes—at Marston. This here kid—got to get him—"

He turned and ran out into the storm. Bruce followed him. He saw the light breaking in the east.

Bruce turned up the overcoat collar, shuddering at its

cold dampness. He looked out to sea. The rain had lessened again and smoke could be seen rising in clouds from the Triton. The ship was almost obscured by it. Fire flowed through the smoke at intervals, like red eyes winking, and a distance away, to the south, other smoke was hanging above the dim horizon. This was a rescue vessel.

In his car Bruce rested a moment, breathing heavily, the pain in his arm communicating itself to his shoulder, his whole right side. He couldn't use his right hand to shift. Reach over and grab the gear lever with his left. That's it—slowly! At an intersection two state troopers on motorcycles shot across in front of him, sirens screaming. Lights were aglow in nearly all the houses he passed. Women hurried from their doors carrying bundles. The town was awake, moving restlessly. Its fever was mounting.

Gray morning was coming fast.

The street leading to the firehouse was choked with cars. Bruce parked a block away. He heard more sirens, and knew that he would always remember the sound as keening for death.

With aching legs Bruce tramped toward the firehouse. Names of survivors. How did you get ashore? Who was with you on the voyage? Your name, please? Name, name, name!

A SMALL car stopped at the curb near Bruce. A woman who was behind the wheel opened the door and called to him: "Help me to get her into my house." She indicated a lighted one two doors from fire headquarters.

He turned to the auto. The woman ran around to his side, saying quickly:

"I had to come back alone. Two more boats ashore at the inlet. This girl was picked up from the surf. Help me carry her—"

Almost hysterical. Her hands were wild live things fluttering uncertainly. Bruce thought of how helpless women could be confronted with suffering not their own. The girl was lying on the rear seat. Bruce reached for her with his uninjured arm, and she made an effort to sit up, staring at him with eyes dazed by horror, her dark dripping hair framing a bloodless stricken face. She was clothed only in a rough blanket—naked beneath this. Bruce lifted her.

Together they carried the girl into the house, laid her on a couch. Automatically Bruce asked her:

"What's your name?"

There was no comprehension in her eyes. She murmured: "I'm sixteen—" Her head fell forward.

That was a story. Picked up in the surf. Must have swum ashore, perhaps with a life belt on. He must find out her name. Sixteen years old—

Bruce walked out, leaving the woman and others who flocked around her to look after the girl. There was nothing he could do here. He walked back to the firehouse. An ambulance

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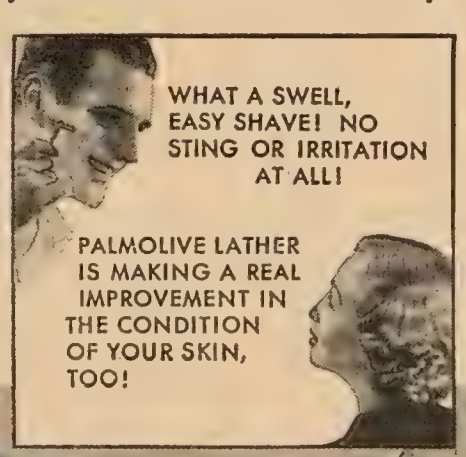
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swung around a corner, those in the street scattering before it like leaves before a wind. Men lifted blanket-wrapped forms out.

From the red-brick building a girl hastened and stood by the ambulance, helping to steady the burdened stretchers as they were slid out, bending over the faces of those still forms. Bruce saw her through a shimmering mist. He had to focus his vision before he was certain. Then he ran to her, feeling the stiff muscles in his legs protest.

"Barbara! What are you here for? How long have you been here?"

His hand gripped her arm. She gazed at him with such sharp happiness at his presence that it instantly thrust away her weariness and anguish.

He watched the transformation with awe. Barbara's new brightness beat about him like a flame.

"Bruce, I've been here all night, helping," she said. "You would want me to help, wouldn't you? I've had a course in nursing. I can bandage people. I am really helping—really I am, Bruce."

The words "You should be home" were burning in his throat and he knew how he would utter them—hoarsely, savagely—so he forced them deeper and continued staring at Barbara. Her face, raised to his, bewildered him. It was a white flame of courage, of a strange glory Bruce had not known.

At last he managed: "Your father—does he know you are here?"

"Father is in New York. Bruce, you *did* want me to help?"

He couldn't answer her. Again the street, the people, the sounds—all things—were taking on the medium of unreality. Bruce sensed that whatever he said to Barbara would be uncontrolled. He must not speak, for a moment. He must steady himself. Ocean Point. A ship afire. Lifeboats. He, Bruce Hanley, reporter for the New York Express. Barbara—

A gentle frightened touch on his wrist. He looked down expecting to see a shadow. It was a boy with terror in his eyes and on his trembling mouth.

"Mister, that girl you brought in—the little girl—she—my mother says to get a doctor, because she thinks she's dead."

"Oh, no!" Barbara cried.

Bruce asked: "Where can we get a doctor?"

"We can't," Barbara said desperately. "They're all busy. Where's the girl?"

"In our house," replied the boy, and tears finally started and streaked his cheeks. Bruce took his hand and they strode swiftly toward the house, the boy trotting along and crying with jerky hiccuping sobs.

On the steps a woman seized Bruce by the arm and demanded: "Are you a doctor? Here, quickly!"

"I'm a—" Bruce began, but he was not allowed to finish. He and Barbara were urged into a room, the parlor, where the girl lay on a couch. A reading lamp poured its yellow light shamelessly upon her lifeless face.

BARBARA was on her knees, her head to the quiet breast. The woman and Bruce stood silent. Beyond the doorway the muffled sobs of the boy came at irregular intervals, like the last few throbs of a heart.

When Barbara straightened and drew the blanket over the tender whiteness, she said with fierce clarity to Bruce:

"She may be dead. I couldn't hear the beat. Listen to me. There is one chance—God, if we could only get a doctor!" This broke through as a torrent might threaten a dam, but immediately Barbara closed the breach and went on evenly: "Try to get a doctor. But you haven't much time. You haven't any time! Listen. In the ambulance outside is a rack with first-aid equipment. Find the longest hypodermic needle. It's an adrenalin needle. Long. Find an ampoule of adrenalin. An ampoule—a vial. Do you know—"

"I know," said Bruce.

"Adrenalin. Get it. Hurry, Bruce, hurry!"

He thought she was incasing herself in a sheath of violent bravery lest all this horror rack her to pieces.

The boy got in Bruce's way as he tramped out and he pushed him aside. Running down the porch steps, Bruce saw, toward the ocean, a dull reddish tinge in the sky, that was the rising sun.

At the entrance to the firehouse Bruce called for a doctor. A sweating man in his undershirt snarled: "None available. They're busy trying to save lives. Three doctors, twenty people dying!"

Bruce went to the ambulance. It was empty. A dome light burned inside. He crawled in, moved his eyes slowly the length of the rack. Needles—hypodermic needles. Yes. Which was the longest? Like a game, pulling the longest straw. This must be it. God, it was vicious!

The ampoule of adrenalin. Where would that be? There in a small packet—"Adrenalin Ampoules."

Barbara was still kneeling. Her eyes were fixed on the passive face.

"Here," Bruce said.

Barbara gazed at him as though he were her executioner. She took the packet and the long, vicious-looking hypodermic. Like a weapon.

YET her fingers were steady as she opened the packet. She broke the top from a vial. The needle sucked up the liquid, it showed in the glass tube, and the plunger was not out full.

"Between the fourth and fifth ribs," Barbara said tonelessly. "Near the breastbone."

"What are you going to do?" the woman gasped.

Barbara threw back the blanket, and beneath her hands was the citadel of life. Bruce saw Barbara's lips move. He did not hear the words. She touched the skin, firmly marked a spot. Over it she poised the needle.

"It must go straight in," said Barbara, and the weapon descended, pierced. Inward—inward.

When there was no more of the needle above the flesh, Barbara raised the plunger ever so little, and within the glass tube mounted a circle of red. This was heart's blood.

Barbara pressed the plunger home. Held it.

It was done. The instrument was withdrawn. It slipped from Barbara's hand and rolled under the couch. Bruce caught Barbara by the arms and lifted her.

As he held her against him she shook terribly. Bruce said over and over again: "Barbara, it's all right. Barbara, Barbara, it's all right!"

"Look, her eyes are moving," the stupid woman said. "She isn't dead! Her eyes are moving."

Barbara could not look—she was shaking too much. Bruce saw the girl come alive. He saw her eyes open. He saw life in them, and in her body.

"It's all right, Barbara," he repeated.

Then Barbara could look. Her glance met that of the girl. The girl smiled. Good Lord, Bruce thought, I think she *knows*.

"Keep her warm," Barbara said to the woman. "Get a doctor when you can—"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Come on, Barbara," Bruce said.

"She'll live," Barbara uttered tensely. "She'll live, and talk to people, and be happy—" She bent and kissed the girl.

"Good-by," the girl whispered.

They did not need lights on the car. The dawn was full. Barbara lay against Bruce's shoulder.

"I can come back, after I get a little sleep," she murmured, and Bruce swung the wheel with his uninjured arm. He said: "After you sleep."

"I'm awfully tired," Barbara told him drowsily. "I was—quite busy. All night. It's morning, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear. Morning."

"I don't think it will rain any more now. The storm is over."

This was her street. The trees were still, for the wind had died with the dawn. The sound of the surf was scarcely heard.

"Don't you think," Barbara asked sleepily, "that I'll make a good wife for a newspaperman?"

"Yes, dear," Bruce replied, and stopped before her house, and looked at the copper beeches, tall and quiet and friendly.

THE END

TENSE, TOPICAL, TENUOUS

The Films Find the G Men Excitingly at It Again, Discover Color and Charm on the Old Time Erie Canal, and Permit Mr. Fields to Provide Himself with a Slender Bag of Tricks

by BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars — Extraordinary
3 stars — Excellent
2 stars — Good
1 star — Poor
0 star — Very Poor

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

Henry Fonda and Janet Gaynor in Farmer Takes a Wife, a beautifully photographed tale of upstate New York when the Erie Canal was new.

★ ★ ★ MEN WITHOUT NAMES

THE PLAYERS: Fred MacMurray, Madge Evans, David Holt, Lynne Overman, Elizabeth Patterson, Grant Mitchell, Dean Jagger, John Wray, J. C. Nugent, Leslie Fenton, and others. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Story by Dale Van Every.

NOW that the first flush of excitement at discovering federal agents as dramatic material is over, the cinema is taking these interstate sleuths in its stride. In Men Without Names, Paramount doesn't bother to explain why Fred MacMurray is a G man. No memory of a dead pal and no urge to cleanse the United States drives him to the service. He's just a federal agent when the picture opens, and remains one throughout this well directed and highly exciting melodrama.

This film has them hot at work on one of their side-line occupations—tracking down stolen money through serial numbers.

When, after a series of bank robberies in the Middle West, much of the missing currency begins appearing in a small Kansas town, G man MacMurray is sent there to unearth all the evidence he can. Pretending to be an agent for an aviation corporation, MacMurray meets banker Grant Mitchell and through him learns all about the town. When the banker refuses to sell an abandoned factory, and when the night watchman, a boarder at MacMurray's place, leaves every night with a pail large enough to hold food for five, the newly arrived G man has enough clues to begin the chase.

From there on, Men Without Names builds to a tense, suspenseful peak that has G man Lynne Overman murdered by the secluded bank robbers; David Holt kidnaped; and his big sister, Madge Evans, who supplies perfunctory love interest, getting in everybody's way with her well meant meddling.

Fred MacMurray repeats the promise of his splendid work in The Gilded Lily and Car 99. The rest of the cast, headed by Lynne Overman, Leslie Fenton as the gangster, and Grant Mitchell as the harassed banker, assist in making this a well contrived high-speed action film.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dillinger dies for the fourth time in this G Man No. 4, and thus becomes more filmed than Grover Cleveland, Martin Luther, Dante, and other good men. . . . The boardinghouse you see is synthetic but detail-perfect, down to the portrait of Uncle Elmer taken just before he died seventeen years ago, and the careworn wrinkles on the prunes. . . . Picture cost about $400,000. . . . Prop men had to get hold of some dozens of bats for factory scene. Did so with butterfly nets, combing vacant buildings and lofts around Los Angeles, finally capturing about 200. . . . Captain Don Wilkie, crime expert and ex-secret service feller, acted as technical expert on this. Claims two hairs from a man's head will give away his age, health, stature, whether he died of poison, baldness, complexion. Wilkie predicts G men will soon have jurisdiction over all crimes of violence. Has a file begun in 1876 by his grandfather containing 318,000 major crimes, which he read and studied instead of Frank Merriwell. Says in past ten years 125,000 murders have been committed in the United States. In that time 1,114 persons have been executed for murder and 14,000 received life. Average time served by lifers in past twenty years is eleven years and two months. Therefore he deduces a clever criminal has a six-to-one chance of not being arrested for his crime; a twelve-to-one chance of escaping prison through mistrial or acquittal if arrested; and a 124-to-one chance of not being executed. But with state lines and extradition wiped away, higher-type better foot-arched detectives being used, and local political higher-up pressure being removed, crime will no longer pay! . . . As you know, Fred MacMurray was born briefly in Kankakee, Illinois, but home-towns from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. He holds ten letters for athletic this-and-thatting for dear old Beaver Dam High, and might have become an athletic coach hadn't he decided to learn to tootle the saxophone rather than gain the higher professorial brackets at Carroll College at Waukesha, Wisconsin. Tried to crash Hollywood once before, seeking any sort of work: props, grips, or even laborer. But couldn't make the grade. Finally saxophoned his way in, playing with a jazz band—the California Ramblers, which brassed pleasingly on the musical-comedy stages of New York. Later he became an actor. . . . Herbert Rawlinson arrived in Hollywood for a comeback crack in this one as purser on the S.S. Mexican sailing from New York. He chipped rust to get into good bronzed pink shape. Once a large screen star, he fell off and has been doing this and other things for the past some years. Has appeared in 150 pictures and recently for six years in stage bits in New York. Is married; has two kids; is quite the sportsman; was born in Brighton, England; still has much of the rover in his blood. Wants to retire some day on his own South Sea island, living on coconuts from his coconut plantation. . . . Lynne Overman, once a jockey, has been forbidden horsing around by his M. D. . . . Leslie Fenton, menace of menaces, spends his spare time trying to devise a juice that'll kill the bugs on the rosebushes on his Encino farm and spare

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★ ★ ★ FARMER TAKES A WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Janet Gaynor, Henry Fonda, Charles Bickford, Jane Withers, Slim Summerville, Andy Devine, Roger Imhof, Siegfried Rumann, John Qualen, and others. Directed by Victor Fleming. Story by Walter D. Edmonds.

FARMER TAKES A WIFE, after a Broadway stopover, comes to the screen from Walter Edmonds's period novel, Rome Haul. It is a beautifully photographed tale of upstate New York in those colorful days when the newly constructed Erie Canal supplied the connecting link in the waterways from New York to the Great Lakes and was considered the transportation marvel of the age.

The ever-elfin Janet Gaynor, about whom the best and worst that can be said is that she is consistently cute, is seen as the best cook on the canal barges. She works for Charles Bickford, bully of the canal, and when not busy at her beloved chores spends her time saying how she loves the water and hates the newfangled railroads. Henry Fonda, however, is just the opposite, and the swift ever-changing life on the canal means no more to him than an opportunity for money enough to buy a farm.

When Fonda, through a freak of fortune, is given a barge of his own, the enamored Miss Gaynor leaves Bickford to become the land-lover's cook. Their romance soon becomes no more than a prolonged debate on the merits of water and land, and when Mr. Fonda, in a pet, deserts the canal for a farm, it is assumed by the canal folk that he ran away in fear of the revengeful Charles Bickford.

With this as its only dramatic situation, Farmer Takes a Wife is too slow for complete enjoyment. However, the picture is a pictorial treat and has many moments of quiet charm. Most of the characters are too conscious of their historic importance ever to become entirely alive; but the film remains a studied, sincere attempt to recapture the flavor of a highly interesting era.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hollywood might have bought Walter D. Edmonds's Rome Haul, novel published in 1928, for comparative buttons (about $5,000), but preferred to wait till Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly dramatized it in 1934, so it could pay five to ten times as much. Ah, Hollywood, Follywood! . . . Rustic prodigy Edmonds was born practically in the Erie Canawl (Booneville, New York) back in 1903. Started devoting his life to the memory of the canawl back in his Harvard days, when he began Rome Haul, for which he gleaned material by roaming the banks of the old canawl interviewing old-timers. Dug out wonderful old oaths, including "Yer derned twerp," "Jeepers," etc. . . . Junction of the Erie and Black River Canals, where Rome, New York, stands, was duplicated on Fox lot, being remade from what was formerly Singapore Harbor. Hennesay's Hotel, which hosteled the traveler at Rome, was also reproduced with perfect detail down to this sign that stood prominent in the lobby: "Rules of the Tavern:—Four pence a night for Bed; Six pence with supper; No more than five to sleep in one bed; Organ Grinders to sleep in the Wash House; No dogs allowed upstairs; No Beer allowed in the Kitchen; No Razor Grinders or Tinkers taken in." Fox-header Winfield Sheehan (Winnie the Pooh) personally produced this one, having been born in Buffalo himself with a large place in his heart for the rusty old canal. Sheehan is prominently mentioned as heading for M-G-M now that Darryl (Mitey) Zanuck has towed his Twentieth Century over to Fox Movietone City. . . . Director Victor Fleming was an auto racer once. Fleming still cherishes his trip to Versailles with Woodrow Wilson, when he went as official photographer. Considers it the most thrilling moment in

all history. . . . Slim Summerville is rapidly going places as a comic character actor in place of a dyspeptic-looking washrag. . . . Lanky black-haired blue-eyed Henry Fonda's grandfolkses hailed from Fonda, New York, along the Mohawk River branch of the Erie. Henry, born in Grand Island, Nebraska, is fresh from Broadway, stepping up from musical comedy, in which he had a fair success in something called New Faces. Was once husb to Margaret Sullavan. Looks a lot like Lincoln in carriage. . . . Nick Foran is red-thatched, former Princeton footballer, and was recently rescued from a spill into the Pacific off his gale-driven boat. His fight with Bickford after the collision is nothing faked. . . . All women in Hollywood haven't bobbed their hair—300 turning up with lengthy tresses when called at Central Casting to extra this one. . . . Work-pressed Janet Gaynor won't be able to get away to dash to her Kailua beach home, sixty miles from Hollywood, this summer, but will rest quietly between shots among the oil wells at her new Playa del Rey beach house. . . . After work, 235-pound comic Andy Devine dashes home and either rolls on the floor with his five-months-old Timothy Andrew or makes furniture. . . . In 1895 Roger Imhof played with an Erie Canal boat show. . . . Charles Bickford has saved his money. Owns two whaling vessels, a garage, half a dozen filling stations, an animal farm zoo for picture hiring, a restaurant, and denies having been brought up in an Eskimo village by Indians, as fantastic writers have insisted. Was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, son of a coffee importer, and later became gob, hobo, coal passer. Got acting start in a saloon.

★★ MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

THE PLAYERS: W. C. Fields, Mary Brian, Kathleen Howard, Lucien Littlefield, Grady Sutton, Vera Lewis, Oscar Apfel, David Clyde, and others. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. Story by Charles Vogel and Sam Hardy.

SINCE Fox made a picture called The Daring Young Man, and now with W. C. Fields's latest comedy titled Man on the Flying Trapeze, it seems that the movies have gotten all that's possible out of Walter O'Keefe's musical history of the acrobatic Lothario.

Man on the Flying Trapeze has nothing to do with circuses. It is, instead, a rather fragmentary sketch in which Fields plays—of all things—a henpecked memory expert. Awakening one night, he is quite surprised, as you can imagine, to hear burglars singing in the cellar. After the determined insistence of his family of in-laws, he goes to the cellar to find the crooks imbibing his homemade applejack. Making up for lost time in a few swift drinks, Fields, with the addition of a newly arrived policeman, rounds out the quartet.

But when they all appear in court, it is not the thieves who are sentenced to jail, but Fields for making liquor without a license. From there on the slender plot, which is obviously no more than a showcase for Fields's particular brand of humor, busies itself exploiting the memory expert's patience under the trying hypocrisy of his relatives. There are delightful flashes of comedy, but in its entirety the picture is something less than satisfactory film fare.

Mary Brian is pleasantly competent as Fields's loyal daughter, while Kathleen Howard, Grady Sutton, and Vera Lewis manage to be annoying, as was intended, as the parasitic relatives. The inimitable Fields, except for short interludes, is licked by his material; but as he wrote the story himself under the name of Charles Vogel, he has no one to blame for that!

VITAL STATISTICS: The Charles Vogel who shares author honors on this one with Sam Hardy, loudest dressed man in Hollywood, is W. C. Fields. Ignorant Hollywood producers have been trying to hire this Vogel to write their pieces. . . . As it is, Fields is the hardest man in Hollywood to sell a story to, be it funnier than the Pickwick Papers. He always sits in on his story fashionings, stringing his old Follies routines on a slender story string. . . . Picture title changed from Everything Happens at Once when everything did happen thusly, Fields considering it a jinx. First Fields sprained a knee at tennis, the script having to be altered to fit a cane and a limp. Next his back went bad on him. Next producer Le Baron went down with flu—followed by director Clyde Bruckman, former sports editor of the L. A. Times, dittoing. Then picture had to be restarted three times because of casting difficulties. Finally, with picture completed, Fields came down with a really bad complication of the back injury, something to do with the sacroiliac portion of his spine. He can barely rest on a chair edge and must sleep on a ping-pong table out in his back yard to be comfortable. Such is the life comique. In Fields's early film career a Los Angeles critic wrote that he would never get anywhere until he got rid of that putty nose. The nose is real, red, and roaring. He's liable to play Mr. Pickwick any day now in the Paper doings of that gent, script being prepared by the big crackpot and crossword expert Ted Shane. . . . Mary Brian is still the big bachelor girl and Dick Powell is still the man of her hour. . . . Rosemary Theby, who was Theda Bara's great rival in the knock-'em-dead vamp days, is doing an extra bit in this. Bara always won because she had more smudge on her eyes and more dracula in her heart where married men were concerned in the scenario. . . . They couldn't sing Sweet Adeline in the cellar scene because the title was copyright by Warner's.

COMMENT

With summer here in full swing, the studios are once again in the doldrums and the producers are full of thoughts of mergers and fall schedules rather than ideas for immediate filming. The present lull, then, gives us about our best opportunity to nominate candidates for the best performances of the year so far.

First of all, there is Victor McLaglen's Gyppo Nolan in The Informer. Not only is this the finest bit of acting to come from the screen this year, but quite likely the cleanest, surest characterization yet drawn for the talkies. Then there is Freddie Washington, who played Louise Beavers's daughter in Imitation of Life. Her role, that of a cultured Negress, was of a type that "popular" stories have dodged as too dangerous for mass consumption. But Miss Washington, with little apparent effort, etched all the tragedy and futility of the educated Negro. Freddie Bartholomew was perfect as the young David Copperfield; and another Englishman, Charles Laughton, did a delightful caricature of the making of an American in Ruggles of Red Gap. In the foreign film, Escape Me Never, Elisabeth Bergner gives a performance that for sheer technical dexterity is too fine to be missed. And, of course, any list should include Paul Muni's muddled miner in the turbulent Black Fury.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer.

★★★—Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor.

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The LIFE and LOVES of *Leslie*

Is a New Romance Around the Corner for the Most-Adored Man on Stage and Screen?—Here Are Facts and a Forecast from One Who Knows Him Well

by CLARA BERANGER

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHO would have supposed that Leslie Howard would ever become the target for women's adoration? He isn't handsome, he isn't husky, he isn't an ardent lover; he looks much more like an Oxford professor than an actor; he is indifferent almost to the point of rudeness. Yet from the beginning of his stage career he was beset by acquisitive women.

Scared out of his wits, he ran for protection to the ample and steady affection of his wife, Ruth. Fortunately, she understood the problem and was wise and sympathetic in her desire to help him.

She would go to Leslie's dressing room after a matinee and when gushing girls surrounded Leslie, she would stroll up to him. "What are you going to do about baby's cold?" she would say. Or "Don't forget you have an appointment with the chiropodist," or something equally commonplace and unromantic, so that the girls would flee in disgust.

After he went to Hollywood Ruth still acted as his buffer.

Several years ago a woman I knew very well said to me: "I am so utterly gone about Leslie Howard that I would go to the ends of the world with him if he were willing. He likes me, too. But then, there's Ruth. She's so definitely right for him that no other woman will ever seriously tempt him."

Yet, recently a story was published to the effect that Mrs. Leslie Howard had gone to Reno. The more yellow of the journals added that as soon as Leslie is free he will marry a beautiful English actress.

Before I go into that report I want to give you a little of Leslie's personal history. Born in London of well educated, well bred parents whose real name is Stainer, he was given the conventional English public-school education. After he was graduated from Dulwich he was taken into a bank.

What he really wanted was to be a writer, but his father wouldn't hear of it. So he was put to work counting pennies, and being bored to death, at a counter behind a grilled window.

Then came the war and he enlisted. He was on leave in London when he met a young girl, Ruth Martin. She was slender, blonde, and beautiful. It was wartime, it was spring. After three weeks of a frenzied courtship Leslie Stainer and Ruth Martin traveled to Colchester, and with two charwomen as witnesses were married in St. Mary's-on-the-Wall, a little old church built on the ivory-covered ruins of a Roman fortress.

An hour after the ceremony the groom was called to rejoin his regiment, and the bride went back to her family. She was afraid to read the papers lest some casualty list contain the name of her adored soldier-husband. But the fortunes of war were kind to her and Leslie came back uninjured, ready to pick up the business of earning a livelihood for two. The war, however, had broken him loose from business servitude. Clerking in a bank now would be unbearable.

"I was in a bit of a quandary," Leslie once told me. "I couldn't sit around and just try to write. But I had an inner conviction that I must and would find a place in one of the arts.

"I went to a theatrical agent and sat there for weeks before I finally got a part on the stage—a 'bit' in Peg o' My Heart. Salary, twenty dollars a week. I had no assurance that I would ever make an actor, nor even that I would like it. Once in the theater, however, you stay for life. Acting is like a bad attack of flu—you can't shake it off.

"After a year on the road. I went back to London, determined to get out of the twenty-dollar-a-week class. Finally I landed a job as secretary to a theatrical producer, and the wire pulling started. Every time I'd see a producer I'd beg him for a part in a London play. There was one man I bothered so much that just to get rid of me he gave me a part.

"I never studied acting," said Leslie. "I'm afraid I don't act at all. I always play myself."

His rise on the London stage was so rapid that New York theatrical producers began to take notice, and inevitably movie producers tried to entice him to Hollywood. But at first Leslie would not be enticed. Eventually he agreed to do Outward Bound in pictures, but would sign only for that one story.

From his first screen work, Leslie has been indifferent about pictures and has consistently refused to bind himself on an all-year-round contract. He likes the screen but he likes the stage better. His genuine reluctance to sell himself body and soul to the movies worked to his advantage. Picture magnates thought he was trading, and admired him for it. The more indifferent he seemed, the more they wanted him and the higher became their bids.

After his first successful Hollywood picture he turned down an offer of fifteen hundred dollars a week because it was for a long-term contract and had conditions which he felt he could not meet. He had hardly set sail for England when radiograms began to pursue him. Cables followed to his London hotel. Oversea phones began to buzz. He paid no attention to any of the messages.

But then he saw an English country estate in Surrey which captivated his heart. His two lovely children were growing up, and like most Englishmen he wanted a homestead of his own on English soil. When he and Ruth and the children laid eyes on that house in Surrey they felt they must live in it. But they couldn't afford it. "I have it!" Leslie exclaimed. "I'll go back to Hollywood and make a few pictures and then we can buy the house."

And he did just that.

Howard

"The next summer I bought the place," Leslie told me, "and I set about planning the future of my family. That home in Surrey gave me the feeling that at last I had dug down deep into the ground and planted roots."

Does this sound to you like a man who is planning to throw over family loyalty for a love affair?

I want to repeat to you a conversation I had with Leslie at a dinner party not more than a month ago. The whole table was astir with discussion of another English actor who had become so infatuated with a movie star that he was neglecting home, wife, children.

"How do you feel about it?" I asked Leslie.

"I hardly know," he said; "but it does seem adolescent of him to give way to an infatuation like a schoolboy. After all, it's easy enough for a man to say, 'I'm entitled to my freedom, and to hell with children! They'll grow up and live their own lives and leave you alone in the end.' But how about the period *while* they are growing up? How about their longing to be a part of a complete home which has both a mother *and* a father? I know the psychology of children," he added. "I'm very close to my own two."

"What I can't understand," I put in, "is how your friend could have fallen a prey to the other woman if he was really in love with his wife."

Leslie smiled. "That isn't so difficult to understand. He does love his wife, and I'm sure he didn't want to fall in love with any one else—no man likes the serenity of his routine disturbed. But—"

He paused a moment and seemed lost in deep thought.

"You were going to add that the wife may be an old story—that when another woman, young and beautiful and *new*, comes along, he might be tempted?"

"That's what often happens," he said seriously.

"If such a temptation were placed in your way do you think you could resist it?" I questioned.

"Oh, I've had plenty of temptations," he answered. "What actor hasn't? But I'd hesitate a long time before I would upset the pattern of my life."

Altogether, I feel certain that he is not planning a divorce. I had tea with him last week and asked him if it was true that Ruth was in Reno.

"Certainly not! She's in Hollywood."

"And the children?"

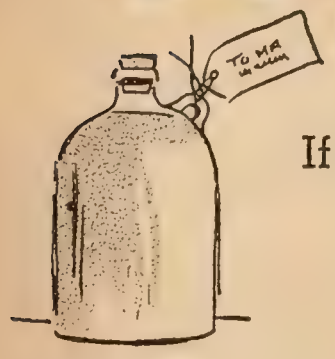
"In school. My daughter Leslie is here in New York. I spend every Sunday with her and we have our usual walks and talks. We're going to do a play together over the radio—a condensed version of Dear Brutus." His face was aglow with pride in her accomplishments.

A man who adores his children as intensely as Leslie does would not be likely to destroy what he had so carefully created—a pattern of family life.

THE END

Leslie Howard as "target for women's adoration"—and, at right, with his wife and their daughter Leslie. Does this look like a family about to break up, with the wife on the road to Reno and the husband awaiting his freedom to wed "a beautiful English actress"?

A Letter to a Pal



If You Don't Mind Kibitzing, Look Over the Writer's Shoulder and Witness the Birth of a Beautiful Friendship

WORDS AND PICTURES BY

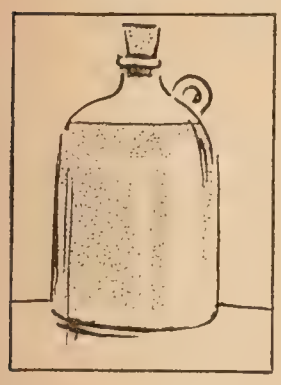
BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Mr. William J. McSwivel,
President,
The Dupont Applejack Co.
New Jersey.
Dear Sir,—

Yours of the 15th received, together with the gallon of applejack.

It was indeed kind of you to forward me the complimentary gallon and I certainly appreciate it. If I find the applejack to be as fine and pure as you proclaim it, I will be only too happy to recommend it to my friends and fellow club members.



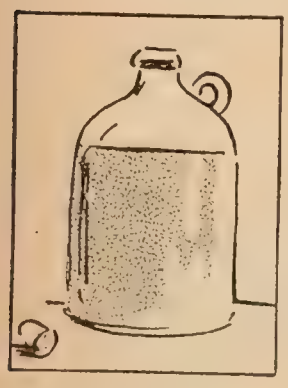
Although I rarely indulge in spirits myself, I do enjoy a little sip on rare occasions, especially good applejack, and if you will permit, I will partake of a wee nip and voice my personal opinion before closing this letter.

Again thanking you for your generous offer, I remain

Very truly yours,

P.S. I certainly have to hand it to you. This is the *finest* applejack I've tasted in years and I don't mind telling you it has *some kick!*

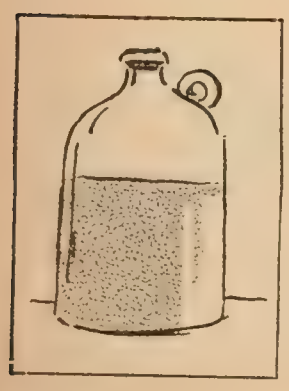
It has been my experience, Mr. McSwivel, that good apple is hard to procure. Occasionally you run into a good brand, but that seldom happens. But this stuff is *real.* As soon as I tasted it I knew it was truly genuine. Real apple clings to the glass like a rare old wine and to tell you the truth, I forgot to notice whether this did or not, so I'll just pour another sample to satisfy my curiosity.



Oh boy, that sure is real stuff. I can feel it go all the way down to my toes. You know, Mr. McSwivel, the jug couldn't have arrived at a better time. It so happens that I have a lot of reports to get out for the office—and you know what that means.

Besides, my wife has gone to visit her mother tonight, so I'm all alone. Now that I feel a hundred per cent better I'll wade right into those reports and bat them out like nobody's business.

Well, here I am writing you a lengthy letter when I don't even know you. So before I close I'll drink a small toast to your good health and once more thank you for your generosity.



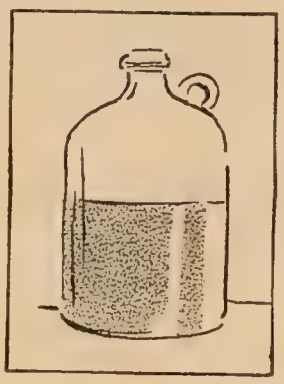
Yours very sincerely,

P.S. That's without a doubt the *best* apple I've ever tasted. Gosh, and the stuff sure has a mean wallop. That's applejack alright.

One thing about it, it never gives me a head. I can drink the darned stuff all night and when I wake up in the morning I'm as fresh as a daisy.

You know, Mr. McSwivel, there's apple and apple like everything else. The other day I crashed a party over at the Kennedys and they dished out some apple that was brutal. Talk about your blasting fluid, Mr. McSwivel, that stuff would grow a Van Dyke on a leather trunk. No fooling, one chap took two slugs, and after the stuff began to percolate he kicked the legs out from under the piano.

Not only that, but another guy wound up by sleeping in the coalbin, so there you are.



Boy, that stuff sure had a kick like an army mule alright. I'm feeling better already. It's pulled me out of the dumps and made me forget my troubles.—I forgot to ask, Mr. McSwivel, are you married? Yeah, I am—I think I was born married! I gotta swell wife, Mr. McSwivel—too darned good for me, though.—That reminds me, I'll hafta find a good place to bunk this jug, because if Mabel finds it there'll be hell to pay. . . .

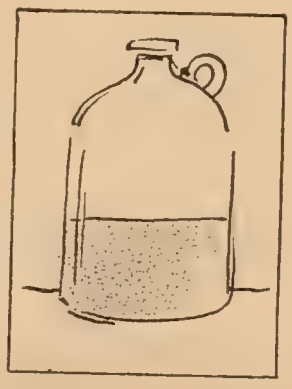
I forgot to tell you Mr. McSwivel,—Bill, I mean—that I'm still in the doghouse. Yeah, it seems that I took a poke at a cop the other night and ever since Mabel has been offer me. You understand, Mabel thinks I can't drink, but that's wimen alright. I guess it must have been the stuff I was drinking.

With apple it's different. I can drink the stuff all night and when I wake up in the morning I'm just as fresh as a daisy. It don't ever give me a head.

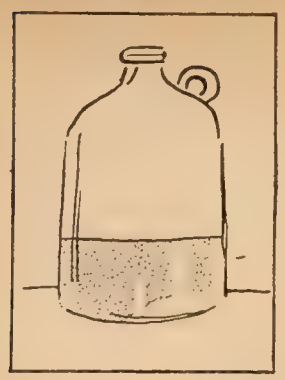
Now you take the chap next door, ¼, Hes a swell egg an all that s@ort of thing, but when he g@es out on a BinGe, he bec@mes a bit playful an Starts throw !in rugs, statues an @verstuffed chairs Out the winDow. Now you kn@w you(rself mr. Mc Swivel that no sane womaN is g@ing to stand f(or suCh friv@lity. Thats going alittle too far.

His wife doe$snt approve of iT,; an besides, it getS the furnitur so deNted up it make$ it second hanD in No time.

With Mabel its differenT.;* she doesnt care (f I take a litTle snifTer once in a&while as long as i don T fall on mY n@se. But she can%t bear to see me siT down an HoIst tWenty or Thirty cocktailS at @ne siTting, which is really silly wh$en you think it @ver. AftER all, it is Very uNcouth an ungentelmanly an desTroys a womanS¢onfidence in her husband when hE gets Stiff * ! Mabel is a sWeet Kid alrig#ht. QAnother thing; she cant $ee why a couplE of gentlemeN should $it in thE gutter an talK bu$$iness when theyy could Do the $same



thinG at Home if they hAd any sence ¼¼¼****(



Excuse me Bill, but thi$ damneD typewriteR is * gettin fuller (h@les. Ish funny how They get ½once in a while.

Letsh see, what was i shaying;; Oh yeSh, — I gotta hide thish bottle — Thash one thing I gotta D.o ! if thereS anything that mabel hates) its to see her husband * dragged. Were you eVer dragged Mr. Mc Sniff l ? # Bill old Kid/. Ive always said that if a gUy cant stanD up he $shoukd neVer never) in dulge in shtrong Liqor. MODerA-tion; thash ME!—last, foisht and always!!?!!

Shakespeear had the right doPe when he shaid in the TAMeing of the StEW—"" a drink in the Hand is worth Tw@ in the bottLe or what ever. So, What thE hell,—wh@@ cares ?

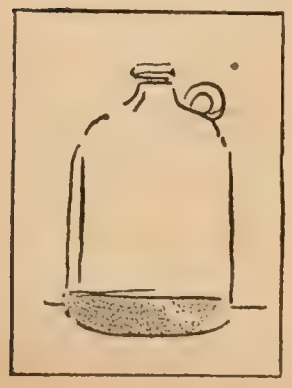
Itsh t@@ bad % Bill you) aint here show we could Lean on SHWEET ADALINE,-swell Kid ADIE. ILL bet if got together we c@uld &kick her around, What ? You dIdnt know I used to shing in a GLEE CLub,-of boy that APPLE shure has a bhig # joLT!

Lishen Mr. McStifel we should shee mush more @f each other, Sheems as th(ough ive meT you be-F@re. MY wifes name wash MC STIFFle before $we got $$married. ** Thash stuff sure hash a wallooop. Yesh, before $we got $$ married the Wifes name wash MC Stiffle an her Old Man ish a TerriblE LUsh !! Oh BOy **, When he get & s STiff, Sterrible !

Wait till l teLL y@u, S"8funny !! The uther nighT he fell ouTer the TENNis an raKit Club an wHen he came too, he barged over to a S(Ixth Avenoo Fruit stanD an what did he doo but pinch shix bottle$ of Ginger aLe an shtand them up on the c@r-ner like a bow)lin alleY. Then he took an armfuL, of Coconuts down the Shtreet an began peggin $em at the b@ttles until the Wopp came ruNNin out an started hollering bloooody Murder,—*a/ yell aint IT ?*!¼ Show when the copper$ caught him they lumped him up terri&ble ! Gosh, I may be OLd fashionedd an—

ShaY, shepeakin of Old Fashions, didja ever try those Old Fashi@ns they build at the tumble INn! MA RVelou$ no f@@lin !

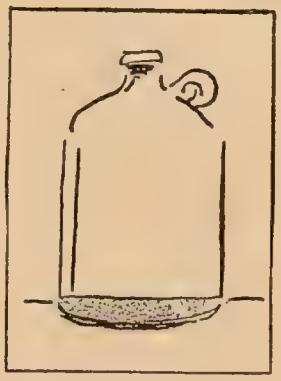
Oh sola Me-yah ! Shay, thish Oliver Underw@@ds falling /-*# aparT or soMe&thi(ng so lesh/ skipp it #2.



wHat wash l shay ing *¢ oh yesh, My/ Brother iN Law ### reg-uLar½ heel # "¼

Hish in Th Autom?o/bi/le bushIneSS:¢ BIG hearted guy..; ¢ ¢¢¢ taKesh aftt$R —s moTher** mabeLs maA///mm BIghart#d motHrnlaw,, fUller dVIce*-* neLLie naGG**** thash peT nAMe.., BRothernlaw g oesh to chuRch on

Though I rarely indulge, I do enjoy a little good applejack.



SHun/ day,,.; passhes the PlatE/ *- # # 4 all Week he rePossessses cars */ Shwell egG;,-*What ????? ???????? I"m goNna p-UNsh him the NO som da !! ? ¼ $

Wifes jus t as bad. Trish to PuT @n the# lug: I LAF ! ¼* !! Ushed to be WaSh womAN !!!! 3 %

Shum Apple aWir#### Awrigh:: RRRR9

FiFteen men/ on% a / ded wom ans shest,; @—Y0 H0 H0 H0 an a boTT?le of apple/

But—shee dyed gamE Boysh let ,e/ tell and HADD her Boots on when ShE fell.

Sho, what the he!! Boysh, wHat thE H— HeLl ! -¼

Take a Number from 1 to ten @¢ Doubl It. Thash wh&AT WinCHE1L Saysh abo9ut twin-C!ouplets — quin trUmpTss. What the ¢@4## pff HEZ11)0 !

Less Slip it '. Sfunny wore — out ssix wa$hing n#one MachiNe$ n#one week.

W3e;11, Sho Long Mr. ShnE% & ##33 regar%-Ds WiFe .FinE Ap½plE '—nO h@w matTer mush9 1 # %%% hOw mu&h ! Dr!nk—

doNt evEn f f eel It

3 3&—$(eHEER)IOO((

THE END

Golf's MADDEST MOMENTS

A Survey of High Spots from the Unique Memory of a Chronicler, Who in 38 Years, Has Reported 50 Major Contests

Bobby Jones lost a hole five times over by a single shot in the 1922 Walker Cup play. Impossible? Just follow the ball's course — and read up on the rules!

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

AFTER all, I've been mixed up with golf rather intimately, more than thirty-seven years, and if I live through the current season I will have covered as a golf reporter fifty major tournaments, counting only the national championships of the United States and Great Britain. Of these I attended twenty-seven with Bobby Jones, and I'm the only person except himself who saw him win all thirteen of his national championships, concluding with the grand slam of 1930. I traveled 120,000 miles with the Jones boy. Altogether, I've seen a lot of curious things connected with golf.

I covered six of the international matches for the Walker Cup; and at the first of those, played at the National Links of America in 1922, I saw Bobby Jones lose a hole for himself and partner, Jess Sweetser, in the foursomes by the most comprehensive aggregate of penalties ever incurred in formal golfing combat.

Sweetser and Jones were playing against Bill Torrance and Chubby Hooman of the British side, and at the Cape Hole a tall pitch by Sweetser had buried the ball to its equator in the soft smooth green six feet from the flag. It was up to Bobby to get that ball out with a niblick, and he said afterward he hated to tear into that lovely emerald carpet. Certainly he played a funny shot. The ball popped up in the air, hit the club, glanced, struck Bobby's left foot, and rolled over by the hole, which thus was lost at least five times, under a hypertechnical application of the rules of golf.

The ball had struck the player's club after the stroke —which is loss of the hole. Then it had hit the player —same penalty. Further, Bobby had struck the ball twice, had struck a ball while moving, and had played a stroke out of turn in a foursome; which adds up to five loss-of-the-hole penalties, in the event you are uncertain, as most golfers are, as to the proper definition of a stroke. Anyway, the hole was thoroughly lost for our side, which luckily was well up at the time.

Progressing crabwise, it was the year before that, at the Inverness Club, Toledo, where three great kids—Gene Sarazen, Leo Diegel, and Bobby Jones—made a triple debut in the National Open, that I saw Ted Ray, the vast Englishman, steal the show with four birdie 3s at the dog-leg seventh. Played in the ordinary or human mode, this hole is a drive-and-pitch dog-leg to the left. As Big Ted played it, he simply knocked the ball from the tee some 275 yards over an angle consisting of a yawning chasm and a flock of tall trees, being twice on the green, once at the edge, and once in a shallow bunker beside it. He got the 3 every time. And he won by a single stroke at the end, with Harry Vardon, Jock Hutchison, Jack Burke, and Leo Diegel tied for second place in the closest finish by the most contestants yet in the books.

The most concise and conclusive rejoinder I ever heard on a golf course was made by Harry Vardon, the Old Master, in the qualifying round for this same championship at Inverness. He was paired with Bobby Jones—the oldest and the youngest players in the field. Bubbling with juvenile ambition, Bobby had tried a wee niblick pitch for his second shot over nothing at all, to that same seventh green which Ted Ray was reaching from the tee. It was a kid's shot, showy and dangerous, and Bobby hit the ball in the back—he topped it scuttling across the green into the bunker.

As they walked to the next tee, Bobby's ears a glowing crimson, he sought to release his embarrassment by a question to the taciturn Englishman. "Mr. Vardon," said he, "did you ever see a worse shot than that?"

"No," said Vardon. And that was all, naturally.

Later that year, at the beautiful Mayfield course near Cleveland, I saw Alexa Stirling, the little redheaded Atlanta girl, win her third and last national championship, and in the semifinal round she met her traditional rival, Mrs. Clarence Vanderbeck of Philadelphia, and had her four down through the seventh. The match appeared to be a rout. And then, beginning with a thirty-footer at the short eighth, Mrs. Vanderbeck used exactly ten putts on the next eight greens, squaring at the fifteenth. And as the holes slipped away and it seemed that her adversary could never miss another putt, Alexa, her small freckled face set like a cameo, was hitting the ball farther and farther from the tee, and adding par after par on the card, and fighting as a champion fights. She was on the distant sixteenth in three shots, twenty-five feet from the flag, and Mrs. Vanderbeck was on with her fourth, thirty feet away.

I said to Bob Harlow:

"It's in the book—Vanderbeck will can that one too!"

And Bob said:

"Then it's in the book that Alexa will sink hers."

Mrs. Vanderbeck sank that thirty-footer. And Alexa sank hers, to go up again and win at the next green.

Often I think it's all in the book, before ever a shot is hit, in a golf championship. The darned game tends to make a fatalist of you.

When they shook hands at the seventeenth green I was close enough to hear what was said. I've waited fifteen years to write it.

"The Jones boy" plays the most important shot of his career—that putt on the last green at Winged Foot in '29. He sank it!

by O. B. KEELER

"Alexa, I congratulate you," said Mrs. Vanderbeck. "And when you're married and have two babies, I'll play you again, on even terms!"

Alexa is married now, to Dr. W. G. Fraser of Ottawa; and she has two babies; and she still plays golf. But I think that she and Mrs. Vanderbeck will never meet again in a golf championship.

Skipping a decade to 1930, I walked the last three holes on the New Course at Sunningdale, in Surrey, England, with the Prince of Wales while he and Bobby Jones were struggling to take up the slack in a foursome match with Sir Philip Sassoon and Harrison Johnston, United States amateur champion, who had them dormie 3. And it was the fine play of Edward Albert that pulled the match out of the fire—a perfect drive from the sixteenth tee, where Sir Philip hooked to the tiger country; a 40-foot putt laid stone-dead at the short seventeenth; and a blast from a bunker at the home green, into which Bobby most deplorably had put His Royal Highness—a niblick blast that laid the ball close by the pin—that won the last three holes and halved the match.

A week later I asked if he were nervous playing with Bobby Jones. I said he appeared cool enough.

"Cool?" he repeated. "I was frozen!"

I saw Bobby Jones, beginning with the eighth at Flossmoor, near Chicago, hole seven 3s running to finish the last nine in 30 after a bad start on the round, and win the Warren K. Wood Memorial Bowl with a 67. That was in 1928, and the longest stretch of 3s I ever witnessed. He barely missed a 40-footer for an eagle 3 at the long eighteenth. I went up to shake hands with him. He was obviously sore about something.

"I wanted that one," he said, referring to the last long putt. "Hell—that would have been a 29, coming in! I've never broken 30 yet!"

I saw Gene Sarazen do four 2s in the last twenty-eight holes at Fresh Meadow, to add the United States Open title to the British Open Championship of 1932. Then last spring I saw Henry Picard produce four 2s in a span of thirteen holes, in the last round of the Metropolitan Open in Atlanta. And a week after that I saw what probably was the most phenomenal shot ever played in the stress of important competition.

It was in the Masters' Tournament at the Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Georgia. Craig Wood, leading the field in the fourth round, had just finished. Sarazen, the closest pursuer, was playing the fourteenth hole with Walter Hagen. Wood had holed a birdie 3 at the tough eighteenth, and now Sarazen would have to pick up three strokes on par in four holes, to tie.

Sir Walter shook his sleek black head. "Well, Gene," he said, "that looks as if it's all over."

Gene's bulldog face was set in a sort of grin which was not a grin. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "They might go in from anywhere!"

They had driven from the tee of the long fifteenth, a hole of 485 yards, the green guarded in front by a brook. Gene's drive was 265 yards. He pulled a No. 4 spoon; the ball was just an eighth of a mile from the flag.

"They might go in from anywhere!" This one did.

The ball traveled on a ruled line to the front of the green, bounced once and again, and rolled straight to the hole—and dropped! Dropped for a double-eagle 2, that cut away all at once the three strokes of Craig Wood's margin. Gene finished the round in par, to tie, at 282, and beat Wood in the play-off next day.

As suggested earlier, I think it's all in the book.

And the most important shot ever played by Bobby Jones—I was standing within thirty yards of that putt on the last green at Winged Foot, and I didn't see it. Purposely. I couldn't look at it. Bobby had chucked away a lead of six strokes on Al Espinosa in the last five holes, aided by a superb finish by Espinosa. And Bobby had to get his par 4 to tie for the United States Open Championship of 1929. If he missed that rainbow putt on the slope of a lightning green he had lost the championship, and for the first time in his career he would have scored as high as 80 in the National Open.

It had to go down. So I couldn't watch it. I just stood back in the mob, and held my breath and shut my eyes and—well, I reckon I sort of prayed, subconsciously.

There came the thick dead absolute silence as he stood to the putt; and the faint thin click as he struck it; and the long, long sigh in the gallery. And then there was a sharp gasp all around. Missed!

No! Then came the roar. That ball rolled on a curving line, taking the slope of the green, to the edge of the cup, stopped—and then fell in!

I'm rather glad it's good-by to all that. Such things are rather tough on an old golf reporter, especially when he's a sort of Boswell. Bobby won the championship in the play-off next day. . . . I still think it's all in the book. THE END

Wide World photo

Teed up together as usual—Bobby Jones (left) and his Boswell, O. B. Keeler, the recorder of these dizzy episodes in golf.

Public Sweetheart NUMBER ONE

by DORA MACY

Author of Night Nurse

READING TIME
30 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART FOUR—A SON

FOR three whole days I couldn't guess where Lester had gone. Then I got a postal card from Switzerland.

"Feeling fine. Having a grand time. Wish you were here."

So.

I could charge at the hotel. Limitlessly. The dapper little manager gave me fifty francs a day—according to instructions, he said. When I protested it wasn't enough and demanded more, he wired at my request to Lester. But Lester had just left Switzerland for Munich.

Exactly two months that kept up. It was good to be alone. To think. The hope of running across Archie was the daily dream I lived on. He might be in Paris! I might see him . . . If I could talk to him . . . tell him . . . make him care again. Underneath the bitterness, he loved me even if he denied it. Even hating me I wanted to see him, to hear his voice. . . .

I was sick. For months I had been drinking like a weeping willow tree—and now I quit. I swore not to touch a glass until after my baby was born.

Having a baby is a very ennobling process. It was to me, anyway. I liked it—the whole feel of it and the private sense of power it gave me. I could visualize my baby. I was crazy for it. I bought right and left for it. I found a bookshop that had things in English and bought every volume on the subject, and ordered all the rest from a catalogue.

When I was all rested up I couldn't bear it any more. I found me a cute bearded French doctor with sad eyes like a setter. He was so sweet, rocking in his swivel chair, solid stomach under cream-white vest, exactly like an overgrown canary swinging, head cocked, in a cage.

Well, doc talked me into a French nurse. Lisette was a lesson in life. The only English she knew was "sure thing," which she pronounced

Strangely and Poignantly the Thrill of a Woman's Greatest Adventure Enters the Heart-Searching Story of a Famous American Beauty

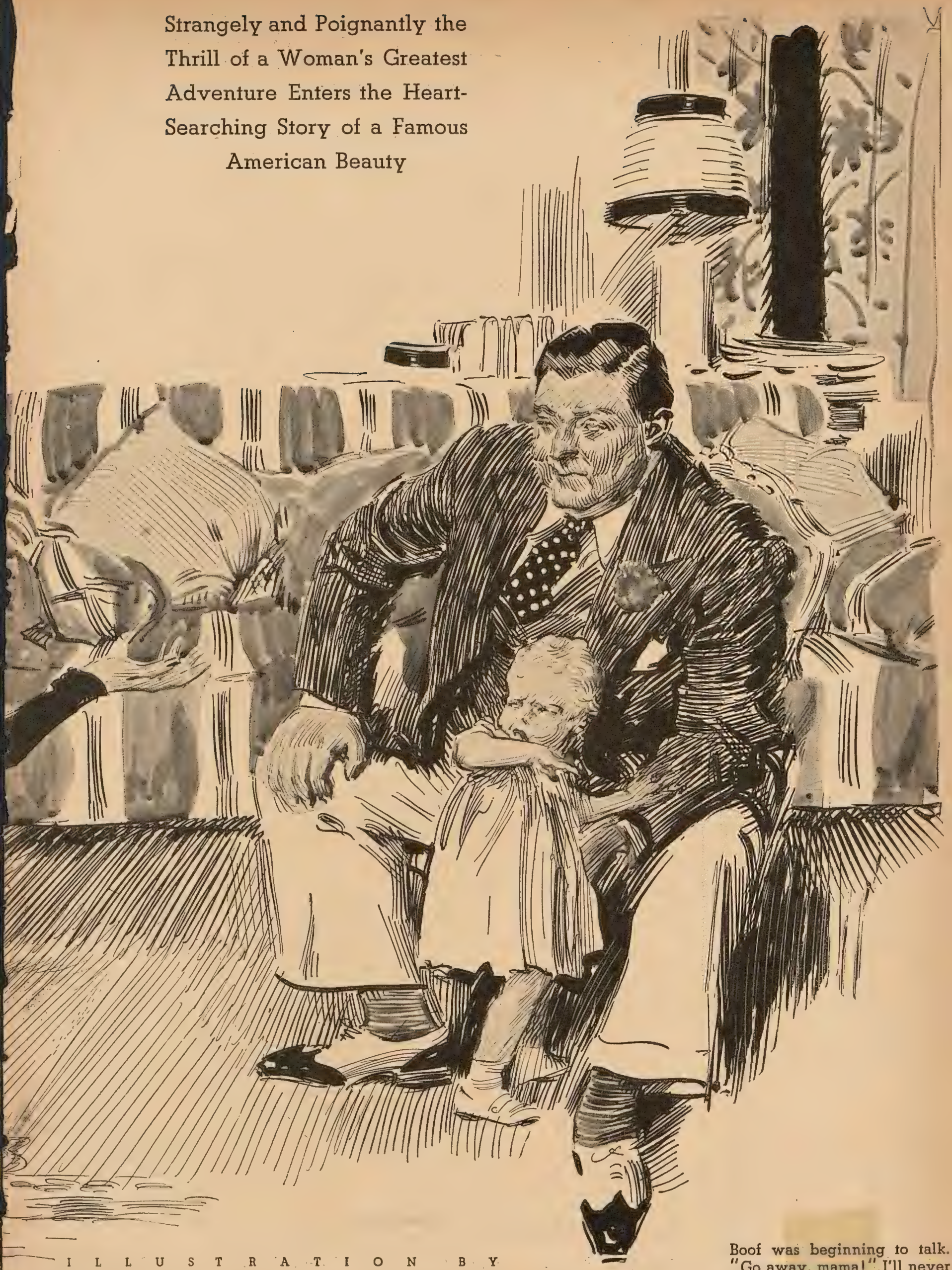


ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Boof was beginning to talk. "Go away, mama!" I'll never forget when I first heard it.

"szrh zing." A full and hearty animal who loved to stretch in her skin. She knew ecstasy as only the French revel and indulge in it. She could kill or kiss with equal abandon.

She fitted in nicely when Lester came back. That's all that happened. He just came back. Sometime early in May. Walked in, as if it were yesterday. With never a word about bills that by now could have endowed a small asylum. With never a syllable about our relationship except to inquire endlessly and with nervous interest about my condition.

Evidently we were to pick up where we left off. He vaguely sketched where he had been. Certainly he looked less soggy. He had grown up a little.

There were certain changes. No longer was I permitted to have money. Not more than ten francs at a time, though I could still buy anything fancy demanded. He never kissed me, never again wanted me to sit in his lap while he rocked me back and forth, humming tunelessly like a baby. And gradually he developed a streak of meanness. Definitely trying to anger me. Telling me to meet him for dinner and standing me up for hours. Opening what little mail I got and reading it first. Teasing in a seemingly jolly manner, trying to see how far he could go before I snapped.

provision had been made for me; no change in the rooms—nothing. But the housekeeper, who looked like a blowfish, told me that Mr. Roth had left instructions to prepare a nursery for the baby.

Fixing up the nursery is about as much fun as any woman can ask for. And I reveled in it. I charged high, wide, and handsome. I wanted mama to go shopping with me but she wouldn't leave Mildred. Which made me sore. There was plenty of money now to have a nurse and a maid. But mama had different ideas. What money she could squeeze—with pinchpenny figures that made my head reel—she was investing. She wouldn't tell me how, and I wasn't interested. It was the start of the investment obsession with her.

NO matter who went shopping with me, or who came to see me, Lisette tagged in the background. Everybody around me was spy anyway. I didn't care. But I wanted to see Cookie and Rita and probe them about Archie. Not that I could let them guess my interest.

Cookie came through.

If Cookie could be believed, Archie was still bumming around Europe as he had threatened—going to see every country in the world. But there are times in life when nothing but letter writing will do you. And the eve of

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THIS is the amazing story of the life and loves of Violet Chester, famed beauty of the Capers of 1910, told in her own words. Tragedy overlay her rise as America's most noted star. She caused the death of her drunken father, a gifted artist, when she pushed him against a table top and his skull was fractured. She married Archie O'Riley, brother of her stage chum Lora, but on her wedding night Tommie Greeley, rich and personable admirer whom she had spurned, died of a heart attack while a visitor in her hotel room, and Archie left her firmly believing she had been unfaithful.

The same night her sister Mildred was seriously injured by a hit-and-run driver, and Violet could only believe that it was Archie driving like a madman.

When Lora asked Violet to free her brother of the marriage ties, she assented. It was annulled. In desperation, Violet turned to Lester Roth, a wealthy, fat, and fortyish playboy, and used his money to pay for an operation that saved Mildred's life but necessitated amputation of a leg. His money also paid for her mother's expenses and sent Teddy, a brother, to school. He spared no cost in entertaining her.

But Violet still loved Archie. Smarting under the vicious taunts of Lora backstage at the Capers one night, she unleashed her wrath and slapped her. She was fired. And two days later she married Lester and sailed for their European honeymoon.

On board ship Lester deserted her to drink with his bar chums. Two nights later, when he fell into their cabin in a drunken stupor, Violet went out on deck and found—Archie. He told her he still loved her, wanted her, and later, in her cabin where he followed her, she yielded to him. He made no effort to see her the rest of the trip.

Months later, in their Paris home, Violet had a violent argument with Lester and blurted out the news that she was going to have a baby. She frankly admitted it was not his but despite threats refused to name the father. In desperation, she finally agreed to Lester's compromise that the child be brought up as his. The following day Lester left, leaving no word.

But I refused to snap. If that was Lester's infantile way of getting back at me—what of it? I had more than that coming to me, and I wasn't going to flinch. I found it infuriated him to smile broadly no matter what humiliation he staged.

Because, naturally enough, I was mad to get home, Lester prolonged our stay. Not a word passed between us on the subject. I wrote mother that Lester and I were going to have a baby. He read the letter silently. And wrote all his endless list of friends the same news. So that was that.

A TELEGRAM brought me release early in August. Lester's upstate aunt was ill. Lester, who in the back of his mind must have known that Aunt Myra was the only human being who meant beans in his lonely life, booked passage for home.

And Lisette came with us. I knew all along she came for the ride and that she wouldn't stick for long.

A mob met us at the boat. One of Lester's little torments. I would just as soon have picked my own onlookers, but he had wired right and left, and the bees buzzed to his honey, showered me with advice, overwhelmed him with congratulations.

I cried like a fool. To see mama, to see Cookie, and Rita whose little mug shined at me under a vile hat.

Lester took a train upstate that night. And I spent hours dodging mama's questions and insinuations. Long ago I decided not to tell her. If this was Lester's baby it was Lester's baby. Besides, I would no more tell mama about Archie than I could die.

Lisette and I went to Lester's home—on Eightieth Street near the Drive—and settled down. Absolutely no

childbirth is one of them. I wrote a long letter to Archie and sealed it with elaborate care. I wrote my heart out to Lester. And I wrote my unborn kid a letter and tried to tell it everything. I bought an expensive and heavy iron box with a key. I gave the key to Cookie with instructions. And I gave the box to mama.

"If I die, mama, somebody will bring you the key to this box."

Her blue eyes fogged a little and she cleared her throat energetically.

"You're as strong as a young ox, Vi. Don't think you can get out of things so easily. You've got a long life to face yet."

I wanted to go to a hospital. I should never have said so. Lester insisted I was better off home. I had a fine doctor and good nurse. And that was that. Lisette decided all this wasn't much fun, so she picked a good quarrel, fired herself with beautiful drama, a month's pay, and return passage before my baby was born.

Now there was nobody in the house but Lester and the housekeeper. Lester was sweaty with concern. I was getting so that I could barely stand him.

No wonder women are unpredictable. I think they are all, in various degrees, slightly insane. Such agony would derange the subconscious forever. But it was a matter of course. And I had no complaint. Three hours of hell and they started to feed me a little anesthetic. That terrified me. How did I know I wouldn't scream for Archie, calling for him over and over as my soul called for him while I bit my lips? The doctor paid no more attention to my pleas than if I were a gramophone record. Lester was boss, and Lester stayed in the room. Which was the one humiliation I never forgave him for. . . .

But I didn't die, and the time came when they brought me my baby. Lester stood behind the nurse.

"Lester, Junior," she said.

My arms had gone up toward the baby. But now I looked beyond the tiny head to Lester. His eyes outstared me.

"Lester, Junior," he repeated.

All right. All right. What difference?

Again my arms went up. The new gray-haired Irish trained-nurse carefully deposited the baby at my breast. I studied it and I wanted terribly to cry and cry—with joy—and with regrets—so many regrets. Its little fisted hand went up in some reflex movement and banged me on the cheek. I laughed. A son . . .

Brown eyes like mine, with an almost yellow tinge in them; tiger color. The way his head turned when you spoke. The look of bliss when you crooned to him. . . . His first smile. I couldn't call him Lester. I called him Boof. Because that's the first thing he said and he said it often.

My one real heartache was that my sister Mildred didn't see him. She couldn't, of course, come to my house. And Lester refused to let us take the baby up to see her. Just one of his ways of being disagreeable. But mama came regularly and often. My Caper friends came, but Lester showed plainly he didn't like them around. I took back the iron box I had given mama. I destroyed all the letters I had written. They sounded wild and unbelievable when I read them.

SO that was that.

All of Lester's "friends" piled in and out to see Boof. And we gave dinner parties. And luncheons. I believe Lester spent all of his time trying to think how to frighten, discomfort, anger, or humiliate me. He seldom came near me. We lived a strange life—in the same house. But he knew every word I said or wrote and everything I did.

Then two things happened that changed the whole steady if troubled course of life. Somehow they were marked with that period of weaning Boof—I had nursed him for eight months and nobody but me wanted to continue. I knew psychically that he was being taken away from me. Lester hated me. And the nurse and the housekeeper, sensing it and then being witness to some of the meannesses he visited upon me, grew cagey. Lester paid them.

One day in June I had a visitor. Senator Malcolm Greeley. Lester insisted upon being present. The Senator told me that his brother's estate had been tied up in litigation. Tommie's wife in Paris had come over to fight it, her divorce not being final when Tommie died. Naturally everything had been held up until the case was settled. Tommie had opened a savings account, some months before his death, with the sum of thirteen thousand dollars. This was in trust

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for his brother Malcolm, who had the passbook. Tommie had instructed his brother to follow the terms of the sealed letter which was addressed to me. Ten thousand dollars was for the Chester family. Three thousand was for me to be used according to specific directions—or returned to his brother.

Lester made a violent scene. Finally the Senator left, but not until he made it plain to Lester that whatever his opinions he had no right to interfere with the bequest, and the Senator would see that he didn't.

When he was gone I had to read the letter to Lester. Out loud. There was a spiritual quality in Tommie's letter. There was courage. And words that have ruled my life and made me, for all my weaknesses and mistakes, what I became. He felt certain, he said, that I had talent, and with the personality God had given me I could be the greatest star in the theater. He quoted the Bible to me:

" Cease from anger, and leave rage: have no emulation to do evil . . . Delight in the Lord: and he will give thee the requests of thy heart . . . Trust in the Lord, and do good, and dwell in the land: and thou shalt be fed with its riches. . . ."

He told me he was leaving me his Bible and asked me to read it. He asked me to figure out my life, and when I knew where I was going to use this balance of three thousand for my education; for study in whatever would best help me forward. Otherwise I was to return it to his brother and forget all he was now saying.

In different ink, and obviously at a different time, Tommie added another paragraph to this letter. He told me that few people find real love. That if ever I found it to let nothing disturb or change it. It was the only gift man got straight from heaven, the only real compensation for the strain of living.

I cannot begin to tell the range of Lester's passion. So that was really the father of this baby! No use denying. Whom else would a man leave money secretly through his brother in a sealed envelope? Why else such a lovesick letter? . . . which Lester tore to bits as he raged . . .

I let loose—and I couldn't have done anything worse. For Lester asked me what I thought I'd like to do? I was free to go—he would give me a divorce any time; but I might consider that he would win his son in any court when he told the story he had to tell—what would any judge think of me as a mother? At eighteen I had married a boy and because of an affair with a man like Greeley the marriage was annulled . . . In a few months I married Lester.

Lester's anger left me weak with terror.

BUT from then on I saw less and less of Boof. I had to fight for visits with him, and plan and scheme and trick the household for moments with him alone.

We moved to the country for the summer. The farthermost tip of Maine, near Eastport. Where nobody could come to see me. Nobody was invited anyway. But there Boof learned to stand, swaying slightly and then plumping bang on his bottom. There I learned his laughter . . .

So it didn't matter that we had a new nurse who was my enemy. A nurse to whom Lester said in my presence when she was engaged:

" Miss Godwin, this little wife of mine is an unfortunate case. She's been on the wagon for some time, but she drinks. And she's not responsible when she drinks. I want you to be very careful. Nothing is beyond her. She is not to be trusted for one moment. Never leave her alone with my son. Pay no attention to her orders: come to me for everything."

I stood there before the frog-eyed Miss Godwin, who thought her own thoughts, and took it.

Daily I wrote to mama and to Mildred. And they both wrote telling that they were buying a home. Such was the use of the ten thousand Tommie had left " the Chester family." A little house in White Plains. A brook running through the back yard, grapevines, honeysuckle, a porch for Mildred to be wheeled out to—

I wished to God I was with them.

I tried day after day to think of how to write Archie. I sent letter after letter—into a void, hoping they would be forwarded or returned. Begging him to get in touch with me. But I never got one back. Lora, nee Bridget, O'Riley saw to that.

Not even the one through the parish priest came back.

But even though I had nowhere to turn, this couldn't go on—this life. I would go mad. The thought of ridding the world of Lester tortured me, leering at me, whispering ways and means until I was afraid of myself. . . .

" Cease from anger, and leave rage: have no emulation to do evil . . ." I heard my own voice clearly, soaked with tears, reading those words that awful afternoon aloud to Lester. I'd have given my soul to have Tommie's letter . . . " Cease from anger, and leave rage . . ."

I WROTE to the Senator. In his letter Tommie had spoken of leaving me his Bible. Why hadn't I received it?

In a few weeks the Senator answered. He hadn't known, naturally, what his brother's letter had said. He was sending me the Bible.

The Bible came, and I began to read it. Those long nights alone. Tommie had marked it, and those passages seemed like messages. . . . To this day I have Tommie's Bible beside me wherever I am.

Figure out your life, he had said . . . and study.

In the sun on the beach I sat and saw myself as a great star. Not just a Capers chorus girl.

I would study dancing, of course. And music. I knew nothing about music. Get my voice trained. Speaking was an art. I knew that much. My feet wanted terribly to dance. But if my boy was ever taken away from me, I'd go mad if I was left behind in my own world with nothing.

Labor Day came and we went back to New York. I went out once a week to White Plains to the little red house that was more home to me than any spot on earth.

" There's something awfully wrong between you and Lester," mama said outright one day.

" Yes. Awfully wrong. But I don't want to talk about it. Nothing can be done."

" All right," said mama. " But don't let him run you down. You look peaked and you're jumpy as a cat. You're smart to study. It will take your mind off things to be busy. But remember, always put the man in the wrong, Vi. Fix it so he blows up, and it's his fault. Always be the injured one and make him lose his temper, not yours. So that he'll be the one to be sorry and apologize always."

Which was swell advice, but did no good in my situation with Lester.

I began to take my lessons. The more I took the more I wanted. The harder I danced the better I could sleep at night, for fatigue is a grand cure for insomnia. I met Cynthia at the dancing school and acted as if I'd found my lost dog. She was nice to me before long. She guessed I was unhappy. Everybody did. Cynthia was in love. The way she had always wanted to be. With a man whose mere name was an open sesame to society—

the true aristocrat. A man who meant a family with tradition, a home in Newport and one in Paris, a yacht and a string of racing horses. And a dowager mother who decided who should and who shouldn't be let live. Cynthia had been working up this affair with Walter Rice-Hampton for months. Her goal post was marriage and her whole life depended upon it.

But in the meantime she sawed wood at the dancing school—just to keep supple and fit. Because Moses himself couldn't have made Cyn dance in public.

I saw Cookie and Rita, too. They were all the friends I had. They all began to realize my marriage was nobody's träumerei, and they were sweet as only such girls can be, drawing me into the closed circle again.

Lester's devotion to Boof was abnormal—he hoarded the baby to himself. He sat beside it as it slept. He wheeled the carriage on the Drive. Boof was beginning to talk, and Lester gave him gesture and tone. . . . "Go away, mama!" I'll never forget when I first heard it. Screaming when I came near him. Toddling in a run from me—at the sight of me . . . running to Lester with every sore to kiss.

Lester had the whole household against me now—and down to the baby learning to talk, learning to observe.

ALL through the past year, liquor had been left conspicuously around the house. Lester drank, and that was that. I hadn't touched a bottle since Paris. Always in my bedroom brandy was left, or cognac, or an iced bottle of champagne. At the beginning I explained to the servants that I didn't want it and please not to leave it. But nightly it was there. I spoke to Lester, who looked blandly offended.

"But you might like it some night, Violet. I want you to have everything, you know. I'm just being thoughtful."

"Lester," I said, "I'm pretty fed up with your persecutions. You're alienating my baby's affection. Do you know that? I've taken a lot of punishment from you, but I can't take it forever. Some day I'm going to walk out of here and give you battle. And believe me, you won't come out unscarred. I'm warning you."

His face went pale and evil.

"Violet, don't crowd me," he said softly, "or you'll be sorry the rest of your life."

So I shut up and ignored the whole business. It was Christmas—with Boof just old enough to stare in silent glory at the tree—that I gave in and drank the stuff that was left beside my bed. Trying to drown out the way the baby clung to Lester, trying to forget that he turned his face and pulled away when I kissed him. . . .

So I drank Lester's cognac that night, and after all the crying was cried I tried to think. I hadn't a ghost of a show. I only stood this because of Boof. If he was taught to

Internal Baths End Years of Bad Health

Brooklyn man says he "Feels like a new man now" . . . .

"I almost feel like shouting the news from the housetop! It is absolutely amazing to think that so simple a thing as Internal Baths could produce such marvelous results! . . . You couldn't get me to stop taking Internal Baths for $1,000, now that I've found how wonderful they keep me feeling."

Leopold Aul

AT AGE 73

By LEOPOLD AUL

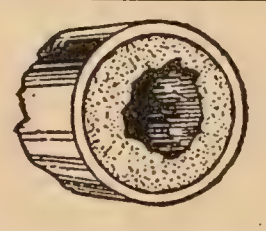
IMAGINE what a thrilling thing it is when a man who has been sinking deeper and deeper into the quicksands of ill health—finds himself suddenly restored to happiness, vitality and vigor as if by an act of providence!

Imagine how a man feels when he realizes that at last he can say "goodbye" to headaches, biliousness and mental sluggishness that have been sapping his energy for years!

Even now it seems too wonderful to be true. And yet, the whole thing came about through a lucky accident—this marvelous experience that changed me from a failing, half alive victim of self-poisoning into one of the healthiest-looking humans you ever saw!

It happened this way: One day when I was feeling especially bad—with a wretched headache and nervous as a cat—I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I was aging.

"Why don't you take internal baths?" he suggested. "They did wonders for me. You're probably suffering from intestinal poisoning and don't realize it."



Cross section of an iron pipe almost choked with rust deposits. The human colon (large intestine) is subject to the same kind of clogging.

What is an Internal Bath?

"What is an internal bath?" I asked. "Some sort of an enema?" "Not at all." he replied. "It is entirely different from anything else.

"Your colon (large intestine) is just like any other waste pipe. While it apparently keeps functioning all right, the inner walls frequently become caked with deposit, just like a rusty water pipe. Germs and slow poisons breed in this hardened waste matter and filter right into the blood stream, causing all kinds of symptoms that you might never dream of tracing to your colon.

Certain forms of rheumatism, frequent colds, and insomnia are often aggravated this way—to say nothing of headaches, biliousness, fatigue and dozens of other aches and ills.

How It Works

"Internal baths bring results so quickly that most people are astonished. By means of the J. B. L. Cascade, five quarts of pure warm water treated with a marvelous cleansing tonic—are sent gently whirling through the entire length of the five foot colon! Poisons, headachy and nerve-upsetting waste matter are completely washed off and floated free!

"Fifteen minutes later your colon is thoroughly clean. A new feeling of vigor and well-being sweeps over you. Your head is clearer—your brain keener—your entire outlook on life is changed. . . . Try it—and see for yourself!"

Naturally I lost no time in securing my J. B. L. Cascade. It was a turning point in my life. Simple as the whole thing was, it actually made a new man out of me. At night I sleep like a child. I rise in the morning bubbling over with pep and energy. My only regret is that I did not learn of Internal Baths long ago!

Get This FREE Book

Find out about Internal Baths—the amazing way to health and happiness. Simply fill in and mail the attached Coupon, asking for a copy of a book entitled **"Why We Should Bathe Internally."** This interesting booklet is absolutely **Free.** It will open your eyes to many surprising truths and facts you probably never dreamed of before. You owe it to yourself to investigate this marvelous, health-restoring discovery. It may change your whole life. No obligation. **Be Sure to Mail Today.**

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hate me, to be mean to me—what did I have?

My phone rang. My bed clock said ten of two in the morning. . . . I had been six solid hours stewing.

Cookie was on the phone. Often I warned her that Lester would listen on the downstairs phone. So she always talked carefully. But she was bursting with news.

What did I think? Archie O'Wiley was home. Home for Chwistmas and I could never guess—but he was mawwied! He bwought home a bwide and Cookie had met her only that evening. Fernand was her name, and she was half Fwench and half Wussian and talked vewy little English all mixed up so cute. She was a little bit of a thing and vewy vewy pwetty. . . .

Fifteen minutes later Rita called me up. To tell me the same thing. Archie had been married nearly a year.

I remember trying to read the Bible. I remember praying and praying endlessly, dear-God-please-God. . . . I remember it didn't do any good. My heart ached just as badly in the full morning sunshine. I remember swearing I wouldn't let anybody see or guess. Not anybody. Ever.

I went up to dancing school the next day and worked like a fiend. I walked home. And came down with bronchitis. I don't remember how many weeks I was laid up.

When I was well enough to be up and about, and to go down to dinner, Lester greeted me with expansive interest. He was so pleasant and so agreeable I knew something was wrong. We needed a little gayer life, he explained.

So would I buy myself some pretties and he would arrange a few parties?

A week later Lester and I went out together for the first time in over a year. We went to Murray's, and his friends met us there. An elaborate table beside the dance floor and—you've guessed it.

Archie and his little French wife dancing.

Yes, she was pretty. In a piquant, saucy way. Her chief bid for attention was a full riot of curls, thick round nest of curls all over her head, with a ribbon banding them and bowed at a racy angle in front. Her eyes were big and bold and her features gave the impression of a naughty child.

I kept talking and making myself eat. I knew Lester was watching me covertly.

Dinner dragged on and on, and between courses I danced dutifully with all Lester's friends.

A table across from ours that had been reserved began to fill up. I saw Lora O'Riley entering. With an erect grave-faced escort. He looked just below forty, and very masculine. Lora was in black velvet and wore a diamond ring. . . . Engaged, then? And Cookie hadn't gossiped about it?

I WONDERED why Archie and his wife called themselves The Murillos. It seemed they had met in a museum, looking at Murillo paintings, and fallen in love there day after day. . . .

Eleven thirty. Grand introduction by the orchestra. Announcement by the manager. (Surely they were lies—all the places they had danced, in the capitals of Europe?) Lights darkened. Spotlight. The Murillos.

My heart ached. That's all I knew throughout the first dance.

The applause was like a thunderbolt. Bow after bow after bow. Then Archie came out alone and did his old-time tap dance. I got to a place where I could look at him, full in the face. He didn't seem to have changed at all. My Archie—the same clear-cut strong profile, the same Irish smile that dared you, the same sea-blue eyes that occasionally turned green—

This time I applauded too. I couldn't help it. He took six bows, and the music, swinging into a new number, demanded silence. Archie's wife made her entrance. A little girl in short blue gingham dress and a jump rope.

Her hair was a torch in the room—rich red, the color of grenadine, with a shiny blue satin ribbon gleaming through and that bow that was her trade-mark. She was very small, very compact and high-waisted, with full little breasts always prominent. You knew she had the vitality of a young bull. You knew she was happy. Terribly happy In her glory.

They finished with a waltz number. Yes, the Dream Waltz. Almost every step of which I knew, every bar of which made me sway in my seat, doing it measure for measure. . . .

Their act was over. Couples went back to dancing. My eyes had to meet Lester's, waiting for me.

"I think we should congratulate them," he said with a one-sided smile, and turned to the few at the table. "My wife knows him from back in her old Capers days, you know."

Lester wrote a little note on his card and asked that it be taken back.

Sit perfectly still, Violet, and don't let him get your goat. You mustn't give yourself away—

I saw them enter the room. And go over to Lora's table. They greeted every one there and Archie spoke privately to Lora. Lora's eyes studied the room and found me. Her head went an inch higher. She turned and nodded to Archie.

A moment later he guided his wife toward our table. She wore buttery yellow velvet and looked startling.

LESTER stood up, and the other men managed it. Straight to me came Archie, hand out, broad grin.

"Violet, this is wonderful!"

My hand was between both of his, and I shivered. But I smiled.

"Archie, you were simply marvelous. What a lot of new steps you've learned."

"That's Fernand's doing. She makes me work six hours a day flat or I don't get my meals. Fernand, I want you to meet Violet Ch—Roth. I've told you about her. Violet, my wife—Fernand."

"It ees my pleasure." She pumped my hand vigorously. "But you are more prettier than how he told me."

I introduced them to Lester. Maybe I imagined that Archie's blue eyes narrowed. But Lester's clumsy embarrassment was no imagination. This fresh grinning stalwart young athlete in the prime of condition abashed him.

They were invited to join us for a drink, but refused. They went back to Lora and the gaiety from that table was the center of the restaurant.

Several numbers later Archie came back. His manner suggested a bow to Lester.

"May I dance with Mrs. Roth, sir?"

Lester nodded, and sucked in his lower lip. There was a little murmur at the table as I got up and Archie put his arm around me. A waltz . . . Beautiful Lady. . . . The small revolving floor was crowded and for several rounds we danced in silence. Then:

"Violet," Archie smiled. "I wish you'd do me a favor."

"What is it?"

"Will you do it? Listen, life is very short, Violet, and bitterness wastes so much time. I know. I got all over the bitterness that was eating me up. It's all out of my system."

"I'm glad."

"Then do me a favor. Make up with Lora, will you?"

I looked up at him. He was so close. He was smiling and his eyes had that wheedling look. There were so many things I wanted to tell him. . . .

I nodded agreement, and we stopped off near Lora's table. She greeted me with a broad singer's smile, and her hand out. Introduced me to her fiancé, Captain Willie Powers. We lingered a few minutes. Not one catty crack out of Lora. At the very end she said:

"I hear you have a child, Violet."

"Yes," I managed. "A boy."

There was a slight pause as if my tone had embarrassed every one without understanding why.

"Well, you must be very happy," Lora said softly. "May I come see him sometime?"

"I'd love you to. How is your mother?" I flung the question at her, desperate to change the conversation.

Lora's eyes probed me, a little hurt.

"She's dead," she said. "Last month. That's why Archie and Fernand came home."

"Oh God, I'm sorry," I stammered, and turned red.

Archie's hand was on my arm. We waltzed in silence.

"I'm terribly sorry, Archie. I didn't know."

"Sure. That was obvious."

Silence, the violins so clear and true, the shuffling of feet, the occasional clatter of cups and plates, the feel of Archie so close to me. . . . Would he say something about the baby . . . would he?

"You're not very happy, are you, Violet?"

"Of course I'm happy!"

"I didn't think so!" That wicked Irish grin.

We stopped at the table, and Archie invited Lester over to meet his sister. But Lester had had enough. . . .

That night was only the beginning of Lester's parties. You'd think he was back in his old swing again; his old haunts and his old carousing comrades greeting him hilariously. But Lester didn't drink as much any more. Boof did that much for him. Junior would never see him soused, hear him being put to bed.

Always, every single night, two and three times a week, we ended up where Archie danced. It was embarrassing. I wanted to explain to Archie, and couldn't bring myself to. I wanted to tell the poor little kid of a wife that looked at me with eyes growing more and more suspicious. God knows what she had heard about Archie and me, but she knew.

A man joined up with our group. Some one new and some one surprisingly human for a friend of Lester's. Eddie Reynolds, who was seeing life before writing the great American novel. He danced beautifully. He stayed nicely sober. He talked like an encyclopedia and told fascinating anecdotes. From the very first I didn't trust him. And I was careful of what I said. But he was a great relief from the well groomed, overfed roughnecks that our parties usually totaled, and naturally I was partial to him. As if to say to Archie and Fernand, "This is my admirer, so don't worry."

That was that about Eddie Reynolds. In the daytime I buckled down to my lessons. Wanting, now, to dance. Wanting to be better than that mop of grenadine curls. . . .

One night in late spring, as our party broke up, there were too many of us for the two cars. And Reynolds said he would take me home in a cab.

"That's fine," said Lester. I remember his voice when he said it.

Reynolds laughed about my not smoking, and as he lit his own dared me to try. I swallowed a lungful of smoke and began to cough unmercifully. It must have been a loosely rolled cigarette, for bits of tobacco stung my mouth and I kept trying to spit them out. Reynolds suggested that we stop at a drugstore and get a drink.

"A glass of lemon-and-lime will make you quit coughing and ease your throat. Besides," he added, "I need some aspirin."

So the cab waited and we caught the drugstore just before it closed. We both drank and Reynolds took his aspirin. We got back into the cab.

The next morning I woke up stiffly, my head very heavy. I was in a strange room. A twin bed beside me had been slept in.

What grim trick of fate is this? Has Violet fallen victim of Lester's merciless plot of revenge? What part, if any, does Eddie Reynolds play in it? New and startling revelations in next week's installment bring another crisis in this famed beauty's career.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the weight of an official league baseball?

2—What English word can be correctly used as a noun, an adjective, an adverb, a verb, or an interjection?

3—For what besides the League Court is Geneva, Switzerland, especially famous?

4—If a doctor told you that you had a verruca, would you have an infectious disease, high blood pressure, or what?

5—How is Sioux pronounced?

6—Is San Francisco, San Diego, or Sacramento the capital of California?

7—Who is generally recognized as the founder of modern psychology?

8—What nationality can be claimed for a child born in the United States of alien parents while visiting the country?

9—Where and when will the next National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America be held?

10—Where did the phrase "I'm from Missouri; you must show me" originate?

11—What was the real name of Dante, the Italian poet?

12—When and where was the Knights of Pythias organized?

13—A "kissing bug" is what?

14—Where in the Bible is the death penalty for kidnapers ordered?

15—What city in the world has the greatest number of telephones in proportion to its population?

16—What is the legal distinction between larceny and robbery?

17—What is the only North American bird whose eyes can rotate but slightly and always look directly forward?

18—Which is the only state in the Union that has two Federal Reserve Banks?

19—What percentage of the world's automobiles are owned in the United States?

20—Was Donald Grant Mitchell a famous author, actor, artist, architect, or automobile manufacturer?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

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I Killed the Czar

At Last the Truth About History's Most Famous and Mystery-Shrouded Massacre —On His Deathbed One of the Actual Assassins Confesses to

RICHARD HALLIBURTON

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

"Yourovsky fired his pistol straight into the Czar's face.

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THIS much the world has known: The last Czar of All the Russias, the Czarina, their son the Czarevitch, and presumably all four of their daughters, with attendants who had shared their imprisonment, were killed in the night of July 16, 1918, in the house in Ekaterinburg, a western Siberian town, where they had been confined. It was done by their Red jailers on an order from Moscow that came as White forces were about to capture the town and rescue them. Their bodies were done away with. The whole event was presently investigated by Sokoloff, the Whites' chief magistrate, and most of the unquestionable facts were made known in his report. Subsequently a young woman turned up who purported to be Anastasia, the youngest of the daughters, escaped with her life at the temporary cost of her reason. The claim for this young woman has long been impressively urged—and as impressively denied.

Mr. Halliburton went to Sverdlovsk, formerly Ekaterinburg, to investigate on a correspondent's "tip" that Peter Ermakov, accused in Sokoloff's report of having been one of the actual killers, was still alive there and was warden of the local prison. He found that it was true, but that Ermakov was gravely ill with a cancer of the throat, and could see no one. Ermakov's wife consented to be interviewed. As Mr. Halliburton began questioning her through an interpreter, the man himself spoke up in an agonized gasp from the next room. How many had been in the firing squad? "There were only three of us!" he insisted. Then, calling interviewer and interpreter to his bedside, he bade them "ask *me* about the execution!" The result was the confession by him that Mr. Halliburton reports in this series.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

PETER ZACHAROVITCH ERMAKOV began his training for the terrible role he was to play in history long before the assassination took place.

According to his own statement, Ermakov from his youth had been a domineering and violent character and a fanatical anti-Czarist. From his twentieth to his twenty-fifth years (1902-1907), living in or near Ekaterinburg in western Siberia, he had been arrested and imprisoned three times by the secret police for revolutionary agitation and terrorist activities. Each time his rage against the imperial government increased. Each imprisonment only goaded him to more desperate plots. On the fourth arrest he was shipped off to a prison camp in his native Siberia with a life sentence.

There he continued to be as rebellious as in Russia. As punishment, he was beaten, starved, chained. For a solid

The bullet went right through his brain. The Czar spun to the floor and never moved. I fired at the Czarina."

year he wore handcuffs; they left broad purple scars around his wrists. Several times he barely escaped execution. But his spirit never cooled. Thirst and plans for revenge burned in his soul like fire.

In 1916 imperial Russia was already disintegrating. More and more revolutionaries were emerging from cover—and being rushed to Siberia to join Ermakov. But discipline in the prison camps had ceased to exist. Prisoners were escaping as fast as they arrived.

In March, 1917, the exiles heard that the Russian army fighting Germany had mutinied, that the Czar was a prisoner. *En masse* they marched off to join the revolution. Their destination was Ekaterinburg, Ermakov's home town. And at their head marched Peter Ermakov himself, annihilating every royalist in his path.

But meanwhile the royalists formed an army of their own and called themselves the Whites. Enrolled in this army were the property owners, the nobles, the Czar's military officers. They resisted heroically and desperately, and slaughtered as many Reds as the Reds slaughtered Whites—back and forth across Siberia.

It was Ermakov himself telling me all this as I sat, during that incredible interview, on the edge of his sickbed. I should have taken my departure long before. But I had forgotten that I should, and his wife had forgotten to remind me. These chapters of his life she herself evidently had not heard before. She and my interpreter and I kept still and listened as Ermakov recklessly and deliriously relived those harrowing days.

Expansive and unguarded though he was, he did conceal one feature of his past. Official records found in Ekaterinburg by the Whites, upon their capture of the city immediately after the Czar's execution, revealed that Ermakov had been sent into exile not so much because of his revolutionary activities as for being a highway bandit and incorrigible thief.

Ermakov's story, you may be sure, did not flow smoothly and in order. He dragged out each word, one at a time, from his cancerous and bleeding throat. At times his voice faded completely and he would force himself to a half-sitting position once more and try through sheer will power to speak again.

"I killed—killed—killed," he gasped, "during the civil war. Nobody in Siberia killed as many Whites as I did. No time for bullets. I used my sword and split their heads in two. We never took prisoners. Every White and every Czech I caught I killed."

It is easy to understand how so fanatical and so bloody-fisted a partisan of the revolution soon plowed his way to a position of importance in Ekaterinburg. And how to him it seemed as if Heaven had answered his prayers made daily during nine years of imprisonment, when i

The Czar and Czarina and Grand Duchess Maria arriving in Ekaterinburg — from a painting in their prison house, today a museum. Right: Yourovsky, the assassin.

the spring of 1918 *all seven* royal Romanoffs were delivered over to the tender mercies of the Ekaterinburg Cheka, of which Ermakov was a leading member.

"I was at the station when the Czar's train came in," he said, always forcing his voice. "The Czar got off along with the Czarina and their daughter Maria. The other four children were in Tobolsk. The Czarevitch was suffering from an attack of his bleeding-sickness and too weak to travel."

Ermakov rested, struggled for breath, continued:

"I'd never seen the Czar before—only his pictures. But I recognized him right away from his beard. There wasn't a thing royal about him—just pale, undersized, and weak-looking. I remember noticing his colorless watery eyes. But he was the one who had kept me in prison all those nine years—the prison where I'd seen over half my fellow exiles die. Undersized or not, I could have strangled the little —— —— right there on the station platform.

"There was nothing weak-looking about the Czarina. She looked like a sharp-tongued German governess, but terribly nervous and haughty. I'd heard about the high-handed way she ran the Czar—and the government too—and I believed it now. She looked as if she'd insist on running everything. I knew we were going to have trouble with *that* dame. She'd probably have another Rasputin in the house before night. She wasn't so awfully old—only about forty-five—but she had gray hair.

"Maria was about eighteen or nineteen. Not especially pretty, but all right."

HIS observation about the Czarina's hair was correct. She had written from the Tobolsk prison to her friend Anna Viroubova that her hair, radiantly gold at her marriage, had turned completely gray.

Every time Ermakov paused to gather strength, I held my breath, fearing he would become completely exhausted and speechless before he came to the execution. And I knew there would never be a chance again like this to hear the truth. He struggled on:

"Two of our commissars took charge of the prisoners and detailed an officer with eight men to act as guard. We had Ipatiev's house on the Cathedral Square ready for the Czar, and he and his wife and daughter drove there in a carriage. Next day we ordered a solid stockade ten feet high built around the house. We didn't want them communicating with White spies outside.

"You should have seen the linen and curtains and tablecloths the Czarina brought along. Right off she began writing out her menus on gold-crested menu cards and ordering this and ordering that. But we soon fixed *her*. We gave her and all her family exactly the same food the workers and my soldiers had. It all came from the same kitchen—soup and a plate of vegetables for lunch and the same for supper.

"We'd had the Czar for our prisoner about three weeks when Dr. Botkin and the other three daughters came on from Tobolsk, bringing the Czarevitch. I was at the train to meet them too. Some sailor got off carrying Alexis in his arms. He looked white as wax and very sick. We had to lift him into a carriage.

"When the second batch of Romanoffs settled in the house, we had about twelve in all to watch—the Czar and the six members of his family, Dr. Botkin, a valet, and a maid named Anna Demidova. There were two imperial cooks—one a boy named Leonide, about the same age as the Czarevitch.

"WE gave them twenty minutes each morning to walk in the garden. But we never allowed them to see anybody from the outside. The Whites and Czechs were getting closer to town every day, and we knew they meant to release the family. We didn't want any little escape plans made under our noses.

"We nipped one plot when we found a diagram of the house drawn by the Czar and put in a letter he was trying to smuggle out to his friends. After that we increased the guards—kept one soldier outside the Czar's room and one outside the girls' room.

"We had to imprison Alexis's sailor—we shot him later—for being so rebellious to authority." (Sokoloff reports that the sailor was arrested, and later shot, for having struck a guard caught stealing the gold chain that suspended, over Alexis's bedstead, a picture of the boy's favorite saint.) "So we had to detail a special guard to carry the Czarevitch about in his arms. Alexis was still sick and couldn't walk a step. We kept a soldier outside the lavatory, too—didn't want any funny business going on there.

"Nobody seemed to mind much except the Czarina. The Czar kept very quiet—smoked cigarettes all day. Nothing disturbed the Czar. He didn't seem to realize he wasn't a king any more, but just an ordinary Russian and a prisoner. He was always sure he'd be back in Petrograd in a couple of weeks. He used to read the Bible every night, as I remember—the old hypocrite. And there was a big fancy book on the table called The House of the Romanoffs—published a few years before (1913) on the 300th anniversary of the dynasty. He often looked at that too.

"The Czarina, though, she was always angry about something. She asked me one day to have the soldiers stop making so much noise outside her room. Imagine that! I told her the soldiers could make all the noise they liked. They weren't the prisoners, *she* was.

"I wasn't in command of the house myself, but I was in and out all the time. I saw whatever went on. The first house commander we had was named Avdief. He drank too much, but we thought he was tough enough to keep Nicholas in his place. The guards were all workers from the same factory here in Ekaterinburg. They asked to be given this special post—promised they'd never let the crowned murderer escape.

"There was only one dining room for everybody, and we had to keep the family reminded that they were our prisoners, so we made them eat with Avdief and the guard. I sometimes ate there, but Avdief was such a drunkard, and the guards were such animals, I didn't like it.

"Avdief turned out to be not so tough, after all. He went soft and sentimental toward the Czar. The guards

too. I caught them myself several times talking to the girls and laughing. And they began to accept cigarettes from the Czar.

"We couldn't have that going on. They'd be helping the prisoners escape, the next thing we knew. I told Yourovsky about it. Right away he threw out the whole bunch—Avdief and everybody. And he took charge.

"In place of the factory workers, Yourovsky called in a squad of our executioners from the Cheka—Hungarian and Austrian war prisoners mostly. There were a lot of Letts in the Cheka too, but Yourovsky didn't want any of them. He felt he could trust the foreigners better. But he called all the executioners Letts."

Ermakov had fallen back on his pillow, seized with a paroxysm of coughing.

"Princesses," I whispered to my interpreter. "Ask him about the princesses." The interpreter asked how the four girls passed the day.

"Oh, they had a lot of games. They played dominoes with the Czar. And they read a lot and talked a lot. They all seemed to love Alexis. Some one of the girls was with him all the time—handsome little fellow, but a hopeless invalid—no sort of Czar for Russia.

"Olga was the oldest daughter—nothing special. About twenty-two—maybe twenty-three. I remember Maria had her nineteenth birthday party in the prison house—one of the guards took her some cakes. She seemed to be the Czar's favorite. They always walked in the garden together.

"Anastasia still had her hair down her back. She wasn't more than seventeen—maybe younger. Tatiana came between Olga and Maria. I thought she was the prettiest of the four. She had lots of dignity, too, and was always looking after the others. We all liked her the best."

Ermakov broke off. In a moment he was sitting up and struggling to speak again—to answer my question about the source of the Czar's death sentence.

"Yourovsky and I," he said in that painful whisper. "I wrote it and he read it."

MOSCOW, dreading the approach of the Whites, had already decided on the death of the imperial family. An Ekaterinburg commissar had gone to the capital to get his instructions from the Central Committee. He received them from Sverdlov, the president of the committee.

The instructions were—execute!

Yourovsky was then commissioned, about July 12, to carry out the sentence. He chose Ermakov as his first assistant, and instructed him to find a proper place for the cremation of the corpses. This must be done in secret and there must not be a trace of the bodies left for the Whites to deify.

"How did the death sentence read? Do you remember?" my interpreter asked.

"I don't remember all of it," Ermakov whispered. "I wrote it with a pencil on a piece of our office paper. It was only about five lines. It said:

"'You think your friends the Whites are going to rescue you—but they aren't.

"'You think you're going away to England, and be a Czar again—well, you're not.

"'The Soviet of the Urals sentences you and your family to death for your crimes against the Russian people.'

"That was something like it."

Ermakov, to my unspeakable relief, was breathing easier and talking clearer. The approach of the execution itself had given him new strength, new spirit. Coughing, strangling and suffering, he talked straight on for another half hour.

"It was on July 12 we had our final meeting and got our orders. We set the night of July 16 for the shooting—four days later. I had to make all the plans myself for the destruction of the bodies. We wanted to do the thing as quietly as possible and be sure the Romanoffs didn't suspect in advance. And I wanted to make doubly sure that the bodies would be thoroughly destroyed. I didn't want the Whites to find a single bone.

"On the 14th my aide, a sailor named Vaganof, and I went eighteen kilometers out of town to a place where I

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knew the miners had been prospecting for ore. They had dug cavelike holes in the ground, and abandoned them when they didn't find anything. There were ten or twelve of these old mines, with the piles of excavated earth all around—and not too far from the road. I couldn't think of a better place to burn the bodies. Vaganof and I then came back to town and got Yourovsky, and we three returned to the mines on horseback.

"Yourovsky said I couldn't have chosen a better place."

(One of the Russian house guards, testifying at the Sokoloff inquiry, reported that Yourovsky, having decided upon the spot for the cremation and destruction of the bodies, rode back to the prison house, called upon the Czarevitch, and sat on the child's sickbed for a "friendly chat.")

"Next morning Vaganof took an army truck and carried several big tins of gasoline to one of the deepest mines. I also sent along two big buckets of sulphuric acid and a truckload of firewood. One of my soldiers stood guard over these supplies to frighten off any curious peasants that might be wandering around.

"On the 16th—the day we'd set for the execution—I ordered the same truck and same crew to bring a dozen blankets at midnight to the Cathedral Square before the prison house.

"When they got the signal, later, they were to move on with the truck to the basement entrance of the Czar's house. I told the chauffeur he was to stop his truck as close as possible to the door, and was *not* to kill his engine—leave it wide open so as to make as much noise as possible.

"If there was a lot of backfiring, so much the better.

"This would be the moment—with the engine roaring and the truck ready—for the shooting. People outside might not even hear the shots.

FASHION FLASHES
From PARIS

Tiny shirred, ivory-sticked parasols like those women used in the Second Empire, but which are transformable into fans made of black Chantilly lace or white piqué, are Suzanne Talbot's contribution to the gayety of the fortnight's racing meet. Women like them as effective flirting devices with both sun and sons, as they provide protection from the too ardent attention of either.

DORAMILLER.

YOUROVSKY took charge of all arrangements for the execution itself. We had decided to kill—besides the Czar and the Czarina and the five children—the doctor, the Czarina's maid, the cook, and the valet. That made eleven. The Bolshevik maid working in the house, and little Leonide, the cook's fourteen-year-old assistant, we decided to take along to allay suspicion until we got everybody into the execution room—but we didn't mean to kill them.

"Yourovsky and I agreed that it would be best if only he and I and Vaganof did the shooting. Yourovsky had a Nagan repeater pistol. Vaganof and I had Mausers. We each were carrying twenty extra rounds of ammunition.

"Yourovsky also gave rifles to seven of our Hungarian and Austrian house guards. But we didn't intend for them to use them—just stand by in case of trouble."

(Trouble! Against six helpless and defenseless women and one invalid boy!)

"That afternoon we had looked all over the house for a good place to do the shooting, and decided on the basement guardroom. Being below ground, the shots wouldn't sound so loud. It was the right size too—about eighteen feet long and twelve wide. And it was the room nearest the basement entrance—where the truck would be waiting for the bodies.

"There was a double door leading from the end of the room into the basement corridor. We executioners would have to stand in the doorway and fire at the family all crowded together in the small room. If there were more than three of us we'd be in each other's way.

"About midnight Vaganof and I drove in the truck to the far side of the Cathedral Square, and I left it there with some soldiers. I told the driver to come to the basement entrance when I sent for him.

"Yourovsky and the seven guards were waiting for us at the main entrance. We all inspected our pistols. Everything was ready.

"Yourovsky then knocked on the Czar's door.

"THE Czarina and Alexis were sleeping in the same room.

"Yourovsky woke them up and went in. I stood just outside. He told them a lot of fighting had broken out in the town and was spreading this way. For their own security they must dress and collect in the guardroom by the basement entrance. An automobile would come there to pick them up and take them to other quarters—at least for the night.

"It took the family a long time to get ready—nearly an hour. I heard them walking around in the bedrooms putting on their clothes and talking.

"Yourovsky got impatient. He was about to go in and hurry them—it was after one o'clock.

"But just then the door opened and the Czar came out carrying Alexis. They both had on military caps and jackets. The family followed. The Czarina and the girls were all dressed in white and carrying handbags. Two of the girls were also carrying sofa pillows. Anna, the Czarina's maid, came out with two pillows.

"Behind her came Dr. Botkin, the cook, the valet, our Bolshevik maid—I don't remember her name—and Leonide.

"Nobody seemed excited. I'm sure they didn't suspect. The Czar was saying something in English I couldn't understand. But he turned around and spoke to the servants in Russian. I heard him say, 'Well, we're going to get out of this place.' He felt sure the Whites had broken into town and we were moving the family in order to delay the rescue as long as possible.

"It was dark in the hall upstairs, and the Czar, right behind Yourovsky, was groping his way forward with his heavy burden. I offered to take Alexis myself and carry him down to the guardroom—but the Czar refused.

"Yourovsky led them on down the steps. He told the rest of us to wait for him right where we were. In a

minute or two he came back and told Vaganof and me that the time had come to kill.

"I said we mustn't forget the truck. I sent a guard across the square to tell the driver to come on at once to the side entrance—and to remember about the motor noise.

"We waited till we heard the truck begin to grind in low gear across the square. Then we went down in the guardroom, followed by the seven guards. Some of them had their bayonets fixed.

"The Czar and all the other twelve were there, being watched by two Letts.

"There were only three chairs in the room—no other furniture. Alexis was seated on one chair in the middle of the room—he was still so sick he couldn't stand.

"The Czar had another chair and was sitting beside Alexis. The Czarina sat just under the window, by the right-hand wall, with Anastasia standing beside her. I'd nailed the window down to help muffle the shots.

"Dr. Botkin stood right behind the Czarevitch. Anna, the maid, was standing in the far right-hand corner, clutching her two pillows—the cook and valet together in the left-hand corner.

"Leaning against the back wall were Olga, Tatiana, and Maria. None of the girls had on hats or coats.

"In the left corner by the door were the Bolshevik maid and little Leonide.

"Each one of us had rehearsed exactly what we were to do—so there'd be no mistake. We would wait in the corridor—with the guards—for the truck to reach the side entrance.

"Then, when the engine was racing, we three would move to the door of the room. I was to beckon to the Bolshevik maid and Leonide to come outside. We had no intention of harming them.

"Then Yourovsky would read the death sentence I had written, and we would all three start shooting at once. Yourovsky told Vaganof and me not to shoot at the Czar or the Czarevitch—*he* wanted them.

"I WAS to get the Czarina, Dr. Botkin, the cook, and the valet.

"Vaganof would kill the four girls and the maid.

"We got to the corridor before the truck reached the side entrance, but we heard it coming. The family heard it too. The Czar stood up. Alexis put on his cap. The valet reached for the pillow on the Czar's chair.

"The truck stopped outside—not fifteen feet away from us, right in front of the basement door. The driver began to race his old war-torn engine faster—faster—faster—till it fairly roared. Yourovsky and Vaganof and I moved to the guardroom door.

"I beckoned to the Bolshevik maid and Leonide. As they walked out I said something about putting them first in the automobile.

"The others scarcely noticed it.

"Then Yourovsky took a step forward into the room—the death sentence in his hand.

"He and Vaganof and I stood in the doorway and faced the Romanoffs. He began to read the death sentence I had written. He had to shout to be heard above the pounding of the motor just outside.

"'You think your friends the Whites are going to rescue you—but they aren't.

"'You think you're going away to England, and be a Czar again—well, you're not.

"'The Soviet of the Urals sentences you and your family to death for your crimes against the Russian people.'

"The Czarina understood—instantly. She jumped up and stood rigid. The others likewise understood. But they were all too stunned to speak. Only the Czar seemed not to comprehend. 'What?—what?' he shouted back at Yourovsky over the roar of the engine. 'Aren't we going to get out of here, after all?'

"Yourovsky's answer was to fire his pistol straight into the Czar's face.

"The bullet went right through his brain.

"The Czar spun to the floor and never moved."

Ermakov's eyes had become so wild and bloodshot he looked almost maniacal.

"I fired my Mauser at the Czarina. Only eight feet

Posed by professional model

MEN WOULDN'T LOOK AT ME WHEN I WAS SKINNY

but . . .

Since I Gained 10 Pounds This New, Easy Way I Have All the Dates I Want

NOW there's no need for thousands to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain an ounce before, no matter what they tried. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—*in just a few weeks!*

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *ale yeast* imported from Europe, which is the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful!* Then this special vitamin-rich yeast is *ironized* with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add wonderful energy.

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seconds she was dead.

"I fired next at Dr. Botkin. The bullet went through his neck. He fell over backwards.

"Yourovsky had shot the Czarevitch out of his chair.

"The cook was crouching in the corner. I got him first in the body and then in the head. The valet went down. I don't know who shot him.

"Vaganof made a clean sweep of the girls. They were in a heap on the floor, moaning and dying. He kept pouring bullets into Olga and Tatiana.

"The two younger girls, Maria and Anastasia, had fallen beside Dr. Botkin.

"The light was bad and smoke filled the room, so our aim wasn't always sure. Somebody must have crawled all the way forward to the corner beside the doorway—perhaps the valet. We later found bullet holes in the baseboard there.

"I don't think any of us hit Anna, the maid. She had slid down in her corner and hidden behind her two pillows. But one of the guards got her through the throat with his bayonet. We had called in our Cheka executioners from the corridor to help finish off the job, and they were shooting and bayoneting everybody.

"The Czarevitch wasn't dead — still moaning and twisting. Yourovsky shot him twice more in the head. That finished him.

"Anastasia was still alive too. A guard pushed her over on her back. She shrieked. He beat her to death with his rifle butt.

"The guards in the other parts of the compound heard the shots. They knew what had happened. Several of them came running in to see the corpses. In a few minutes the corridor and guardroom were full of soldiers. Some of them got sick at the sight of so much blood and had to go out again.

"Yourovsky ordered the guards to take the hats and coats off [illegible] necklaces, watches, and rings, and put all the valuables in one place. Then we wrapped the bodies in blankets and piled them on the truck. We left a dozen men or so to clean up the guardroom—there was blood everywhere, and slippers and pillows and handbags and odds and ends swimming around like in a red lake.

"Vaganof and I went along with the truck — out to the abandoned mines. We didn't get started till after two in the morning. And then it somehow took us two hours to cover the eighteen kilometers—the road was terrible. By the time we arrived at the mines there was a streak of dawn breaking in the sky.

"I decided we didn't have time to dispose of the bodies before daybreak. We'd do it the following night. We piled them up beside the tins of gasoline and sulphuric acid and the firewood I'd sent out the day before. I wanted to go back to town to see Yourovsky, so I left Vaganof and a squad of soldiers behind to guard the corpses and form a cordon around the field.

"That day, July 17, I spent helping collect the personal property of the imperial family —jewels, icons, diaries, correspondence. All this was turned over to one of our Bolshevik commissars to take to Moscow.

"About ten that night, when it was dark enough, I went back to the mines—and found everything in order. By the light of the lamps we stripped the corpses of their clothes—found a lot of diamonds sewn in the Czarina's bodice and more gold crosses and jewelry on the girls. Then I made a big pile of all the clothes — just clothes —on top a layer of pine boughs, poured gasoline over everything, and flung in a lighted match.

"By the light of that fire I lifted the corpses into an army wagon, took aboard the tins of gasoline and acid and the firewood, and drove two kilometers further off

The WORLD of TOMORROW

No. 5—Page Your Wife

by RAY CUMMINGS

WOMEN are queer. You and your wife have agreed to meet at 7 P. M. and go to the Astor Revolving Roof for dinner. You reiterated four times very carefully the exact time and place: 7 P. M. tonight, northwest corner of Seventh Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, Third Pedestrian Level, in front of the Paging Booth.

There was irony in your tone as you designated a paging booth as a place to meet her; but she didn't understand the irony. In fact, she didn't pay much attention to any of it. She said:

"Oh, yes, all right. I hope Mrs. Robbins will be there on the revolving roof and see us. Be sure and reserve one of the expensive rim tables, won't you, John?"

So you did, not because of Mrs. Robbins but because you enjoy the wonderful moving panorama from the rim tables.

You arrive here at the meeting place at thirty seconds of seven. Is your wife here? She is not. At seven five you are annoyed. At seven ten you are exasperated. You realize that, of course, having paid no attention to your directions, she is now waiting at some wrong place. But at least she ought to have the sense by now to page you, so that you can set her right.

But she does not. Patiently you watch for a minute or two the array of flashing names over the Paging Booth. Twenty-six light-squares, one for each letter of the alphabet. You eye your initial letter, and the subdivisions assigned to the first three letters of your surname. The names in moving letters flash by. All almost like yours. But not yours.

So at last you page her. Even a woman should have the intelligence under such circumstances to look for her name on a page board; and there's one at every corner. She does have that much intelligence. Presently you get the answer signal, and you step into the booth. Her voice says,

"Oh, hello, John. Where are you?"

You hold your temper. You say, "I'm here. Why didn't you call me if you couldn't remember where you're supposed to be?"

Women are queer. She isn't flustered, or apologetic. Her voice says calmly, "I didn't call you because I figured you'd probably gotten mixed, and that you'd get here eventually. Did you reserve a rim table, John?"

With an intuition of horror you gaze through the booth window. The big illuminated street sign under which you stood for so long ought to read: 55TH ST., 3D LEVEL. But it doesn't. It reads: 53D ST., 5TH LEVEL.

the highroad to another abandoned mine. In the mouth of this one we built a pyre of cut logs big enough to hold the bodies, two layers deep.

"We poured five tins of gasoline over the corpses, and two buckets of sulphuric acid, and set the logs afire. The gasoline made everything burn rapidly. But I stood by to see that not one fingernail, or fragment of a bone, remained unconsumed. Anything of that sort the Whites found I knew they would use as a holy relic. I kept pushing back into the flames whatever pieces were left, and building more fire, and pouring on more gasoline. We had to keep the fire going a long time to burn up the skulls. But I wasn't satisfied till our pyre and everything upon it was reduced to powder.

"Then I took the shovel and filled the gasoline tins and acid buckets with the ashes—corpse ashes and wood ashes all together. We didn't leave the smallest pinch of ash on the ground. There was a big pool of rain water close by. We even poured that over the place where the pyre had been. I put the tins of ashes in the wagon again, and ordered the driver to take me back toward the highroad. I wanted to scatter the ashes with the shovel.

"There was a strong breeze blowing that night, so I pitched the ashes into the air—and the wind caught them like dust and carried them out across the woods and fields. And it rained next day. So if anybody says he has seen a Romanoff, or a piece of a dead one, tell him about the ashes—and the wind—and the rain."

ERMAKOV fell back on his pillow. "How soon after the execution did the Whites reach the prison house?"

He sat up once more. "I'll tell you," he whispered. "Six days after the cremation we all got orders to evacuate the town. The Whites were three times as strong as we were—and fighting like wild men.

"On the 18th they learned that the Czar had been put to death. They went crazy with rage. On the 23d we were surrounded on three sides. Only the railroad to the west was still open. We were rushing our horses and artillery out by the trains. Next day the Whites seized the tracks.

"I was still in Ekaterinburg. I had kept only twenty men with me, but knew I could fight my way out when I wanted to. The Whites were terribly disorganized—and you could hardly tell their uniforms from ours. That night my guards and I got on our horses and dashed right through a whole mob of Whites blocking the road. They shot at us, but we came at them so fast they didn't know what had happened before we were gone.

"And weren't they happy when they learned it was *I* who got away! They'd especially wanted to get their hands on Yourovsky and me.

"Next morning they had the town. Right away they began to look for the bodies of the Romanoffs. Somehow they found out about the mines, and they combed the field looking for graves. They dug and dug for six months. And then they found the ashes of the pile of Romanoff clothes. They announced they had found the bodies—and believed it too. I've heard that these bits of burned clothing were smuggled to Peking and are in some church there."

I do not know how much more Ermakov would have talked, if there had not been a ring at the doorbell. It was the doctor, who had come to give his patient another blood transfusion. This was my cue to go.

I said good-by quickly, and expressed my appreciations to Mme. Ermakov. Her husband was still gasping and looking about with those savage eyes. I think my departure was as vague an event to him as my arrival.

What light did my interview with him shed upon the famous controversy over the true fate of Anastasia?

Since 1929, when Frau von Rathlef-Keilmann's book appeared contending that the mentally disordered and physically broken woman whom the author had nursed for months in German hospitals was the Czar's youngest daughter, still alive, speculation and debate as to the woman's identity has been rife the world over.

Whatever opinions I may have had, before seeing Ermakov, about the escape of this particular princess, I came away completely convinced that Anastasia could not possibly have escaped. Later I secured a copy of the von Rathlef-Keilmann book. As I examined the two hundred pages of evidence, followed the arguments, looked at the photographs, my unqualified acceptance of Ermakov's mocking and defiant insistence that Anastasia *had* been killed and burned began to melt, and my suspicion began to rise that his vehemence might have been to convince me of a "fact" he himself knew not to be true.

The argument in the von Rathlef-Keilmann book, briefly, is this:

At the moment of the murder, Anastasia, just turned seventeen, fainted from horror and shock, and having fallen upon the floor of the guardroom was partly protected by the bodies of her dying sisters—she herself having escaped being shot.

"WHEN I recovered consciousness," to quote the supposed Anastasia's statement, "I was lying on a heap of straw in a farm wagon. I did not know who the people were I could hear talking. I only felt that as the wagon jolted my head ached terribly, that it was swathed in damp cloths, and that my hair was matted with blood."

This is partly borne out by Ermakov's statement made to me. He had said that after the general execution Anastasia was still alive—that a guard had pushed her over on her back; that she had shrieked; and that the guard had beaten her "to death" with his rifle butt. A medical exami-

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And issues order forty-two—
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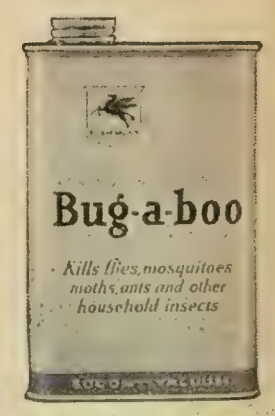

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nation of "Anastasia" later revealed that her skull had been fractured and her jaw broken.

Sokoloff, in his report of the assassination, states that on the 21st of July—four days before the Bolsheviks' departure—posters were put up on the houses of Ekaterinburg making some appeal to the populace in regard to the murder. And then three witnesses, living in Ekaterinburg at the time, stated to Frau von Rathlef-Keilmann by letter "that immediately after the murder a rumor arose that one of the Czar's daughters had escaped. Posters were distributed all over the place announcing her escape, and offering a reward for her recovery." Another informant reported that "one corpse—one of the daughters—had completely disappeared." On the other hand, Sokoloff—who would certainly have followed up any rumor of this nature—though he mentions posters, makes no suggestion whatsoever that they had anything to do with Anastasia.

The real Anastasia, the Czar's youngest daughter. Is she still alive today?

We do know, however, that Yourovsky called in a large number of extra guards (Russians this time) immediately after the execution was over. Circumstantial evidence, as presented by Frau von Rathlef-Keilmann, suggests that two of the Russian soldiers—brothers—noticed, during the transfer of the bodies to the truck, that one of the girls was still alive, and took advantage of the darkness and general confusion to wrap her in a blanket and carry her away to their own house.

Once the alarm went out that the grand duchess's body was missing, the rescuers put her in a farm cart and fled from town. Accompanied by the wife of one brother, they drove her two thousand miles across Russia to Rumania, where, in Bucharest, they had friends.

"Anastasia" remembers the journey, which took months. On the way one rescuer seduced her. Still only half alive and still suffering from her fractured skull, which had wrecked her mind and destroyed her memory, she gave birth, a few months after arriving at her destination, to a baby boy. The child was put away into private hands—or died. No trace of it can be found.

The child's father was shot and killed on the streets of Bucharest, presumably by the Bolsheviks.

In February, 1920, the girl was taken to Berlin by the remaining brother. There she ran away and threw herself into a half-frozen canal in a suicidal attempt. She was rescued and taken to an insane asylum, where for two and one half years she refused to tell who she was, "for fear of being sent back to the Bolsheviks."

A group of Russian émigrés removed her from the asylum and put her into a hospital. From this point began her slow climb back toward mental and physical health. She had meanwhile become tubercular, and almost died from bone infection. Yet it was during her delirium that she revealed herself, and under anesthetics that she raved in English—a language she refused to speak at any other time. (English was the language used by the imperial family when conversing together.) Nor would she speak Russian. The language she persisted in using was clumsy, ungrammatical German.

From the sick girl's confessions, both conscious and unconscious, Frau von Rathlef-Keilmann compiled a complete "history" of her life. Detail after detail which no one but a member of the imperial family could have known is recorded. Photograph after photograph, taken from 1910 to 1918 in the Czar's palaces and yachts, "Anastasia" identified when no one else could.

Some of the imperial family's relatives are convinced she is the Czar's daughter. Others, not recognizing her face, and being alienated by her unbalanced manner of quarreling with and suspecting those who try to help her, say she is not Anastasia—or at least are not sure. In any case the evidence is so strong that Princess Xenia Georgievna (Mrs. Leeds) accepted her as her own cousin and took her to New York, where her convalescence is still continuing.

OPPOSED to this story lies the unqualified statement from the Bolsheviks that *all* the Romanoffs were shot and their bodies burned. And Pierre Gilliard, who became a member of the imperial household as tutor in 1905, and continued to live intimately with the family right up to Ekaterinburg, denies that the woman in question is the Czar's daughter—she showed no signs of recognition when they met—and has written a book to prove that she is not.

I cannot say that my interview with Ermakov shed any conclusive light on this controversy. If he is concealing this particular truth I suspect the concealment will go—or has now gone—with him to his grave.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

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Far and away the finest war story in years, written from the viewpoints of soldiers of all ranks. An important and outstanding book.

★★★★ **LADIES WHOSE BRIGHT EYES** by Ford Madox Ford. J. B. Lippincott Company.

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A comprehensive and readable handbook for real-estate agents and persons interested in apartment-house problems.

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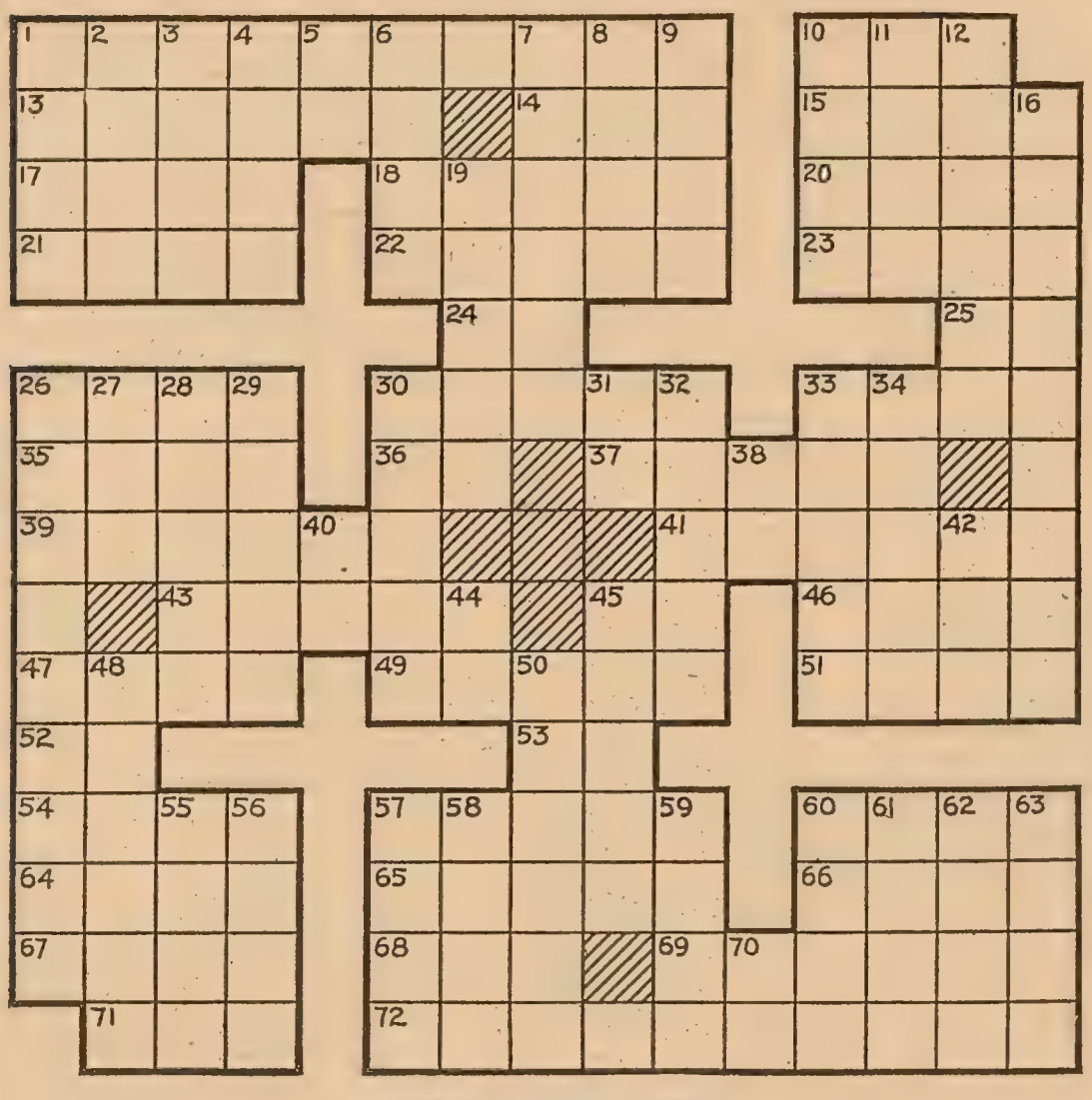
The story of how billions of dollars were spent--and still not very interesting.

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 These do their best drilling at nudist camps
10 The color of France
13 Teem, teem, teem
14 Joy oil
15 The only part of the pig not used by the Chicago packers
17 Well known crossword author
18 Champagne for the masses
20 Belly bad thing China Boy have
21 This solved many a banking problem in 1929
22 How to right a wrong
23 A little thing the blonde turned out to be
24 You sound these through your bugle
25 Lalla Paloosa
26 Eating spinach makes men of this
30 Some red, yellow, and white bloomers for sweetie
33 Irishman
35 The word vehement
36 Birthplace of most puzzles
37 A wall-eyed picture
39 A dear old thing literary fellers would die for
41 Where weeds thrive best
43 These are a drug on the market
45 This starts famously
46 A prominent thing about Caesar
47 What playboys like to surround themselves with
49 Hot sweet stuff
51 It's worthless (plural)
52 What to say in an embarrassing moment
53 This wins vs. motorists in case of ties at crossings
54 The only thing in Italy that talks back to Mussolini
57 He got sore and did things for this

A	M	A	H		R	A	T	E	S		L	A	M	E
A	G	A	V	E		A	N	O	D	E		A	P	O	D	E
R	A	C	E	R		T	E	P	I	D		P	E	R	I	L
A	T	E		H	E	W		T	A	P	S		A	L	L	
B	E	D	E	V	I	L		C	O	T	E		A	L	E	S
			P	O	M		H	E	R	E	T	I	C			
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T	A	B	O	R			L	L	A	M	A		P	L	I	E	R
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		E	R	A	S		D	R	A	N	K		I	D	E	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

60 Fly catcher
64 What cracked ice and pouring will do to a frozen party
65 Just a little dump for the poor folks
66 A bad bargain driver
67 Tops—topographically speaking
68 An old soothie
69 Lighters that used to work
71 Booze zoo
72 When Gracie Allen heard of this coolade she said: They do? I'm ashamed of them! (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Pall grounds
2 Bull piccolo
3 What the general used to put down the gas attack
4 The retort discourteous
5 The kind of American we don't want around
6 If you're this rich it's swell; if this poor, hell
7 When their pipes get out of order, Gracie Allen always sends for the plumber
8 Head lamps
9 The quickest way to say: It is here
10 They ought to make this pay wart tax
11 McTavish married in the chicken coop to make use of this
12 When Johnny can do this he becomes a man
16 Things frogs plop into ponds with
19 The tin cans knights went around in
26 Flashes in the pan (two words)
27 The big noise in football
28 Uneasy in the cuticle
29 What Quakers are full of
30 A shaky proposition in Cuba
31 Trite type term
32 Cuba's most refined thing
33 She's a swede girl
34 A plantsie-wantsie
38 He's got a sunny disposish
40 Well, if it isn't old 36 across!
42 To champ the chow
44 Pop (abbr.)
45 Something besides installments that comes attached to a piano
48 High-priced bloomer she got for being good
50 The nut that holds the steering wheel
55 Be good enough to cease your forward locomotion!
56 Boiled things poured into bed after midnight
57 He's the top in Persia
58 Galloping golf
59 Besides
60 This chow may have a little dog in it for all I know
61 Wet on the edges, dry in the middle
62 Beauty flour
63 What an elephant picks after a hearty meal
70 After this she wrote the letter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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by VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HELLO, Marge—you found the place all right. Yeh—Louis's an old friend and he has good beer and it's sociable and private. I couldn't explain over the telephone, but come on upstairs, where we can sit in a booth. And Louis won't let nobody up without tippin' me off.

Well, you're lookin' fine, Marge—not a day older. How's Al? Still sellin' insurance? Well, tell him to stick to it. That's where all the trouble starts—gettin' ambitious and pokin' your nose up some other guy's alley.

That's what Sparkler always said and . . . Sure you remember Sparkler—that nice aristocratic-lookin' guy that started givin' me the rush about the time you hitched up. Coupla old-fashions, Gigi—

Look—what I called you up about. I figgered, not havin' seen you all these years, they couldn't tie you up with me and you could maybe do me a li'l' favor. I can't go back to my place just now, but I could give you the keys and you could always say a dame stopped you on the street and sold you the stuff. There's some things it's a shame to leave go—like my cara-kule coat in the closet.

No, it's nothin' I done—it was Sparkler. Gawd knows I had nothin' to do with it—bein' crazy about kids and Sparkler too, for that matter. He's a good steady guy, Sparkler. One of the best in his line. Every other time he always come out O. K.—except for a couple short vacations up the river. But nothin' serious. It's what you gotta expect in the jewelry business. . . .

No—I don't mean a store or nothin'—I mean the business where you offer the sucker a three-thousand-dollar diamond for one grand before the receiver gets it. Nice clean work and you meet up with a really nice class of people.

But this last time he certainly must have met up with a black cat. He had staked out a Mrs. Rosebush—and what a stinkweed she turned out to be.

Yeah, you're right—Rosenbusch. The one that was in the paper. But they got it all wrong, Marge. I'll give you the real dope.

One afternoon Sparkler rings her bell when he knows the mister is out and the missus has just come in off the street with the baby. Sparkler gives her the big "Hello, Mrs. Rosebush [Rosenbusch, I mean]—and Mr. R. is all right, I hope?" And he coochy-coos the baby and don't give her a chance to say she don't place him.

"Ginsberg," he tells her. "You know—the jeweler over on 149th."

Sure, sure, she remembers, and asks him how's tricks, and he tells her business is lousy and she says, "Tchk—tchk—ain't that the truth? And Mr. Rosebush is complaining all the time—it's like people even begrudge themself a pair of shoes." And they go on aily-ailin' till he tells her his creditors is forcing him into bankruptcy and any day the receiver'll be walkin' into Ginsberg Jewelry and sayin' it's his.

So Rosebush sympathizes with him, and after a while he gives her the business. He's got a four-carat diamond ring and he's willing to let it go for a grand. It's worth three if it's worth a penny. He gives her a flash of it—and she can take it around to Aaronson's and if Aaronson won't give her three grand on it Ginsberg'll eat it.

Well, Rosebush asks him why don't he sell it himself. And he says if his creditors hear about him sellin' anything he can go to jail. And he says, "I know what else you're gonna ask me. Why I don't get a relation to do it for me? Because," he says, "you know relations. Blabbin' all over the place."

She says the ring looks good and all like that, but her and Rosebush ain't got a grand to their name. In fact they don't know what's gonna happen with the shoe-store, account of bein' already two months behind with the rent.

Well, he leaves the ring and the next day he comes back—and they've got the money. They always get it somewhere in a case like that. And then he asks to look at the ring to make sure the setting ain't loose. That's when he always palms off the phony and goes out with the bait and the roll.

But this here time when he comes back he walks into a terrible hullabaloo—the baby is squawlin'—and Mrs. Rosebush is so excited he can't make out what she's tryin' to tell him—till she holds the baby upside down and starts whackin' it—and then he gets it—the baby swallered the ring!

Well, a thing like that—it never happened to Sparkler before and he don't know what to do. He starts yellin' for the police—but not too loud. And Mrs. Rosebush wants him to take the roll and beat it. And of course that's the last thing he wants to do—or I mean the next to the last. He can't think of nothin' to do but cut up the baby. But you know how mothers is—and Mrs. Rosebush she thinks more of that baby then she does of the ring, and she gets mad. So he gets mad too and starts about attachin' the furniture. And then the oldest Rosebush kid comes bustin' in and says there's a cop on the way up—and Sparkler stops arguin', account he's got a date downtown.

Well, I never seen him in a state like he come home. It ain't so much the ice as the old racket goin' sour on him. It's terrible for a man when he loses his faith in his work. All night he tossted around. And the next day, when he went outa the house before 9 A. M. in the morning, I shoulda knew he was up to some'm. . . .

But he didn't kidnap that baby for no dishonest reason, Marge. He wouldn't do a thing like that! And he treated it good—honest. Hired a nice airy flat and give it plenny of milk along with the caster oil. All he wanted was his own propady. . . .

Matter of fact, I was out talkin' to a druggist about is there anything stronger than caster oil--account we don't want to do the kid no harm—when they busted in and pinched him. Well, you read about it. The super of the flat blabbed accounta the reward of three grand them Rosebushes was offerin'. Poor Sparkler! A good steady guy that never wanted to step outa his own line.

What burns me up mostly is that reward. On account, if they owed two months' rent for the shoe store—where'd they get hold of three grand for a reward? Unless they sold that ring before the kidnapin'. . . .

Ain't it enough to spoil your faith in human nature?

THE END

TO THE *Ladies*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IF a horse knew its own strength, twenty men could not hold it; if a woman knew her own strength, a million men couldn't manage her."

There you have one of the feminine philosophies voiced by Marguerita Sylva, famous Carmen of a generation ago.

She is still singing, teaching, lecturing—telling us what every Carmen should know after sixty years of life and love and womanhood.

"A woman is foolish," she says, "to lie about her age. People admire a young-old woman so much more than an old-young woman. As a rule we live longer than our men—eighty is not an uncommon life span for us. Therefore we might as well get used to growing old and make the most of it."

MARGUERITA SYLVA

This lady is remarkable for a number of reasons. She looks no more than half of her sixty years, and she is the only professional singer I ever have known to say that she always disliked her own voice. Says hers was always too low.

Her stage name was given her by the great W. S. Gilbert of Gilbert and Sullivan celebrity.

When she went to him for her first operatic job she was plain Maggy Smith, a Belgian girl of English descent. Gilbert said, "No Maggy Smith can sing Carmen. Impossible! Your name is Marguerita Sylva."

So that's what it has been ever since.

Girlish activities of the last month included the following:

In Virginia a housewife with a pitchfork climbed up into a condemned shade tree in front of her home and dared local authority to cut the tree down. (The tree still stands.) . . . In France a beautiful spy with green eyes filched important military secrets and raced her car for the frontier with counter-spies hot on her trail. (They didn't catch her.) . . . At Coney Island a policewoman agitated for the right of policewomen to wear kitchen aprons with their uniforms. (She won her apron.)

Extremely advantageous marriages have been made by the three daughters of a woman I know. I asked the lady how she had helped her girls *get their men.* Laughing, she said: "They didn't need much help, but—well, I'm a good cook."

Said she believed her cooking really had turned a trick or two in the right direction. "I am not ashamed to say," she told me, "that I made a quite deliberate study of the things young men like best to eat. With a large majority of them I found that corned-beef hash and chocolate layer cake are their favorite dishes. So I took good care to regale my daughters' nicest beaux with *perfect* corned-beef hash and chocolate layer cake."

At a charity affair the other day I saw two juvenile entertainers perform. One was a child contortionist. The other was a baby imitator of grownup sophistications. The child contortionist came first on the program.

She had practically nothing on, and the acrobatics of her cherub body were so natural and graceful that every one acclaimed her with pleasure.

Her act was followed by that of a pretty infant made up to look like a torch singer—rouged lips, fancy clothes, vampish mannerisms.

Every one was shocked by the contrast. Almost no one applauded the second little girl, who could not possibly have understood the reason for our prejudice against her.

I felt sorry for her. I feel sorry for any little girl whose grownup relatives think that it is smart to sophisticate her before her time.

Now we have ostrich plumage in full fashion again—part of the Mae West influence, I suppose. At any rate, to be stylishly garbed these nights you should wear a little cape of ostrich feathers with your evening dress. Smart capes are of a shade contrasting with the color of your gown.

Equally smart are capes of feathers dyed all speckle-and-splash to match the printed pattern of your dress material. Coque-feather capes are also in vogue; I saw a beauty in shaded flamingo scarlet.

Particularly gorgeous, I think, are the capes of natural coque feathers glowing iridescent black with blue and green high lights.

Della gave a startled gasp as she read the telegram. Mason's exclamation was one of annoyance. "But you're not going, dear!" she protested, near tears.

The CASE of the Caretaker's

by ERLE STANLEY

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK

Perry Mason Stages a Fantastic Masquerade and Is Startled by a Kiss—and a Bizarre and Baffling Mystery Approaches Its Breath-taking Climax

Cat

GARDNER

GODWIN

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—"HOW DO YOU KNOW I'M NOT SINCERE?"

BEFORE Perry Mason could move, Della had shot back the clutch, stepped on the throttle, and whizzed away from the curb like a bullet, leaving him standing on the curb blinking with surprise, lipstick showing on his lips.

Mason heard a chuckle from a newsboy. He grinned rather sheepishly, wiped the lipstick from his mouth, and strode toward the telephone booth.

He put in a call for Winifred Laxter, heard her voice on the telephone. "It's okay, Winifred," he said. "Your boy friend came through like the trump that I knew he was."

"You mean—he's in touch with you?"

"He's in jail," Mason said.

She gave a gasp.

"And," Mason promised her grimly, "he won't stay there long. Don't try to get in touch with me. I won't be at my office. I'll call you as soon as there's anything new. Don't give out any statements to the press, in case any reporters should start looking for interviews."

"I want Douglas. I want to go to him."

"That's the one thing you can't do. If they'd let you in to see him, he'd talk to you, and I don't want him to talk."

"You don't think Douglas is guilty, do you?"

Perry Mason laughed lightheartedly. "No boy that came through the way he did is guilty of anything," he said. "He lost his head. You can't blame him. He was confronted with a frame-up that would have stampeded an older man."

"May I quote you as saying it was a frame-up—you know, in case some one—"

"You may not," he told her. "For the next forty-eight hours you may concentrate your attention upon making waffles. Good-by. I'm catching a train."

Mason dropped another nickel and called Drake's office. Paul Drake himself answered the telephone.

"Got a lot for you, Perry," he said. "There was a poker game going on—in the apartment house where Edith DeVoe was murdered. One of the participants in the poker game, reading about the murder, considers it his civic duty to report to the police all about the poker game and about a mysterious gentleman who broke in on the game, saying he was the occupant of an adjoining apartment. That was just about the time the police showed up. The police showed him photographs of all the principals in the crime and then, after they checked up on his descriptions, showed him a photograph of you, and he identified it instantly."

"The moral of that story," Mason said, "is don't play cards with strangers. Are the cops taking it seriously?"

"I think they are. But here's another funny development. The bird identified one of the other pictures—that of Sam Laxter. He said that he'd seen Sam in the corridor about eleven fifteen. They confronted him with Laxter and he made a positive identification."

"What does Sam say?"

"He isn't saying anything. Nathaniel Smith is doing all the talking. He says the man was drunk; that the illumination in the hallway wasn't good; that Sam wasn't anywhere near the place; that the man's a publicity seeker; and that Sam Laxter and Douglas Keene look very much alike and that Keene was the one the man saw; that the man wasn't wearing his glasses, and that he's a liar."

"Have the police put Sam under arrest?"

"They're questioning him in the district attorney's office."

"And Smith isn't present?"

"No, and Sam isn't talking."

"Do they know just when Edith DeVoe was killed?" Mason asked.

"No. She was dead when the ambulance arrived. Her

skull was fractured. The police know about the marriage now. They've got a statement from Milton, and Oafley has told them all he knows.

"The marriage ceremony took place right around ten o'clock," went on Paul Drake. "The boys from the poker game came in and helped celebrate. They were in there fifteen or twenty minutes. Oafley says he left about ten minutes to eleven."

"Rather strange that Oafley should leave her within an hour after the ceremony was performed," Mason said slowly.

"As far as Oafley's concerned, he's in the clear," Drake said. "The officers have checked his story. He left about ten minutes to eleven. He arrived at the Laxter house about five or ten minutes after eleven. That gives him a perfect alibi on the Ashton killing. Ashton was killed right around ten thirty."

"Could Oafley have smashed Edith DeVoe's head before he left her apartment?"

"No, she was alive at eleven o'clock. She knocked on the door where the boys were playing poker and asked them to let her have some matches."

"Every one in the case seems to have been going to Edith DeVoe's apartment last night," Mason said.

"It's only natural," Drake told him, "when you consider that she'd been telling what she knew about Sam Laxter. These things get around, you know. It's now come out that Smith had been tipped off when Burger made arrangements to exhume Peter Laxter's body, so Smith telephoned Sam and Sam came to his office."

"Find out anything about that chevvy?" Mason asked grimly. "How about the Clammert automobile?"

"I find that Watson Clammert purchased a Buick sedan and had a state license issued to him. The number is 3D44-16. I haven't been able to get the engine number or the body number. The car was a '35. He took a full coverage policy with the International Automotive Indemnity Exchange."

"Call in your men. Tell them not to ask any more questions. You've done a swell job, Paul. And now you can go get some sleep."

"You mean you don't want anything more?"

"Not another thing. So far as you're concerned, the case is closed. Further inquiries are just going to make trouble."

Drake said slowly, "Well, you know your business, Perry. . . . Here's a tip for you. I got it from headquarters. The police are planning to rush through a preliminary hearing for Douglas Keene and call Sam Laxter as a witness. Then they'll ask him where he was at the time the murder was committed. Laxter will be given his choice of naming the woman or going to jail for contempt. Ashton is mixed up in things pretty deep. The detectives are beginning to think he copped off most of Laxter's coin. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Sure it does. It's the whole case. This whole business hinges on Ashton," Mason replied. "Well, I'm taking a train, Paul. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver, looked at his wrist watch, and made for the depot. He went to the telegraph office and sent a telegram addressed to Watson Clammert,

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THAT Sam Laxter had threatened to poison the cat belonging to Caretaker Ashton was the least of Perry Mason's problems. Why had Grandfather Peter Laxter changed his will just before being burned to death in his country house? Why had he cut off Winifred, his favorite grandchild, and left everything to Sam Laxter and Frank Oafley, his grandsons? Where had the converted million dollars' worth of securities gone to?

From Winifred's sweetheart, Douglas Keene, Mason learns that an Edith DeVoe, former nurse of old Laxter, knows something of a suspicious nature. Keene also alludes to "Koltsdorf diamonds" as involved in the mystery.

Miss DeVoe admits to Mason and his detective, Drake, that on the night of the fire she saw Sam Laxter pumping carbon monoxide gas from his car into the furnace pipe leading to his grandfather's room! Another suspicious circumstance is that Caretaker Ashton draws plenty of cash from a safe-deposit box rented in his name and the name of Watson Clammert, his dead half-brother.

At once, Mason has the body of Grandfather Laxter exhumed, and the same night both Caretaker Ashton and Edith DeVoe are murdered—the old man strangled, the young woman killed by a blow from a clublike piece of wood.

Word comes from Detective Drake that Edith was married to Frank Oafley only a few hours prior to her death. But bloodstained clothes found in his hastily abandoned apartment put Perry Mason and Sergeant Holcomb, zealous police officer, on Douglas Keene's trail. With this difference: Mason believes the boy is innocent. And despite Holcomb's fierce determination to arrest the suspect, Mason persuades the quarry to surrender to the authorities.

Then, apparently without rhyme or reason, the celebrated lawyer-sleuth suggests to his secretary, Della Street, that they go on a phony honeymoon, to be staged for some deep and hidden purpose. Della is flabbergasted, but a sport.

"Okay, darling," she says, and leaning out of the car, she presses her mouth close to his surprised lips as he stands on the curb.

"I can't prove it's the same chevvy," Drake said, "but a couple of people noticed an old chevvy with a crumpled fender parked in front of the apartment house where Edith DeVoe lived, about eleven o'clock."

Mason said slowly, "Could you see that the police were tipped off to ask Sam Laxter how it happened he left his house in the green sedan and came back in the caretaker's chevvy?"

"I could tip them off to ask, but it wouldn't do any good. Laxter is keeping quiet. He's making a lot of mysterious references to the old stand-by—the married woman with whom he spent an hour after leaving Smith's office. He won't jeopardize her good name."

Mason laughed heartily. "My God," he said, "hasn't Smith worn out that alibi yet? Every one of his clients has used it for the past ten years."

"It sometimes gets by with a jury," Drake pointed out. "But anyway, it gives your man, Keene, a swell break if you play it right."

"I'm going to play it right," Mason promised him

Hotel Biltmore, Santa Barbara. The telegram read:

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH YOUR NEW YORK ASSOCIATES ADVISES INDUSTRY THREATENED WITH NEW CODE CONTAINING REGULATION AFFECTING YOUR PROPOSED CONSOLIDATION DISASTROUSLY STOP ABSOLUTELY IMPERATIVE YOU BE ON GROUND AT EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT STOP PLEASE CHARTER AIRPLANE FROM SANTA BARBARA FLY TO LOS ANGELES AND CATCH FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL PLANE EAST ADVISABLE KEEP THIS MOVE CONCEALED FROM OPPOSITION THEREFORE HAVE PURCHASED TICKETS FOR YOU UNDER ASSUMED NAME AND WILL HOLD HERE AWAITING YOUR ARRIVAL.

Mason unhesitatingly signed the partnership name of the leading law firm in the city, a law firm of financial and political prestige, which specialized only in the most remunerative of corporate and probate business.

He looked up the number of Hamilton Burger's residential telephone, together with the address. Then called the telephone company and dictated a message to Thelma

Pixley, 3824 East Washington Street:

GREATLY IMPRESSED BY YOUR PERSONALITY APPEARANCE AND ABILITY STOP IN VIEW OF WHAT HAS RECENTLY HAPPENED YOU WILL PROBABLY BE OUT OF A JOB I WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO HAVE YOU WORK FOR ME I AM A BACHELOR AND WILL PAY GOOD WAGES I WILL TREAT YOU WITH EVERY CONSIDERATION PLEASE COME TO MY OFFICE AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE BRINGING THIS TELEGRAM WITH YOU AND WE CAN DISCUSS WAGES.

He gave Hamilton Burger's name and address as the sender.

Then he stood at the main entrance to the depot, smoking cigarettes until Della Street swung his car in close to the curb. Then Mason nodded to the redcap porter, who piled Mason's baggage into the rumble seat.

"Now then," Mason said, "I want to buy a new Buick sedan at one of the outlying agencies. First we'd better stop by the bank and pick up some money."

"Okay, chief," Della said crisply.

When Mason had secured three thousand dollars at the bank, they drove to a Buick agency on Franklin Street.

"Do I come in?" Della inquired.

"No. You stay out here with this car. I'll drive the other one away."

Mason entered the car agency. A suave salesman came toward him smiling.

MASON pulled a wallet from his pocket and started counting out bills.

"I wish to purchase a '35 sedan; a demonstrator, if you have one in that model," Mason said.

The salesman gasped, then adjusted himself to the situation, and began to fill out the necessary papers.

"What's the name, please?" he asked.

"Clammert, C-l-a-m-m-e-r-t, Watson Clammert," Mason said.

Fifteen minutes later he drove a spotless demonstrator from the side door of the agency. He gave an almost imperceptible gesture to Della Street and she followed him around the corner. A block away, Mason stopped and transferred the baggage from the convertible coupé to the sedan. "Now," he told her, "we stop at the first storage garage we come to and store the convertible. You drive the Buick. I'll drive the coupé. I'll take the lead. When I turn in to a garage, you stop out in front."

"When does the honeymoon start?" she asked.

"Just as soon as I emerge from the garage," Mason told her, grinning.

"And you want to make a real honeymoon of it?"

He looked at her sharply.

"I mean," she said with wide-eyed innocence, "do you want it to *look* like a real honeymoon?"

"Of course."

She nodded and chuckled.

Mason drove down the street some half-dozen blocks, then turned into a storage garage. A few minutes

When they call you "Old Man" you want them to smile

NOBODY really wants to look old. But the world takes you at face value. To women and employers you are always as old as you look.

Millions of men look older than they really are because their skin is prematurely wrinkled and dried out. They do not realize what harm shaving can do, when it robs the skin of its natural oils.

And millions of other men keep looking young and fit simply because they keep their faces in perfect condition with Barbasol.

Barbasol is no male beauty treatment. It is the most modern, the most scientific shaving method.

It needs no brush, no lather, no rub-in. And, so soothing and healing is its action that many people use it for windburn, sunburn and chapping.

Barbasol has body enough to support each hair so the blade can snip it off clean at the base. This prevents ingrown hairs.

And finally the bland oils contained in Barbasol leave the skin in perfect condition so that premature wrinkles and old age lines cannot intrude.

Sooner or later you'll come round to Barbasol.

Already it's America's most popular shaving cream.

Tune in Singin' Sam—the Barbasol Man—every Tuesday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System. (See your local newspaper for time.)

FOR MODERN SHAVING:
NO BRUSH • NO LATHER • NO RUB-IN

Try Barbasol's new razor blades—scalpel-sharp, 5 for 15¢

later he came out, sliding the storage check into his pocket.

"The next move in our honeymoon," he said, "is the Biltmore in Santa Barbara. You are now Mrs. Watson Clammert. I'll give you more detailed instructions on the way up."

He settled back against the cushions.

"Yes, dear," Della Street said demurely. . . .

"An ideal place for a honeymoon," Mason said, escorting Della Street through the door of the hotel.

He wrote the name "Watson Clammert" on the register and then heard a startled feminine exclamation from behind him, followed by a titter.

He turned. Della Street, shaking out her coat, had cascaded a shower of rice to the floor. The clerk smiled. Mason looked completely nonplused.

"I'm sorry, dear," Della said.

Mason turned to the smiling clerk.

The clerk turned the card to look at the name, then reached into a compartment below the desk. "A telegram for you, Mr. Clammert," he said.

Mason frowned, opened the telegram, and spread it on the counter. Della Street came near, sliding her hand up around his neck as she pressed her cheek up against his shoulder.

She gave a startled gasp as she read the telegram. Mason's exclamation was one of annoyance.

"But you're not going, dear!" Della Street protested.

"Of course not," he said. "I wouldn't think of going—and yet—"

"Business has always interfered," she said, seeming near tears.

"At any rate," Mason remarked, somewhat stiffly, to the clerk, "we'll go to our room."

"But you didn't tell me what you wanted," the clerk said. "We have—"

"The best in the house," Mason snapped.

They stood waiting for the elevator. Della Street started to cry. "I know you're going," she sobbed into her handkerchief.

Mason stood very erect, frowning. His eye dropped to his handbag. An old shoe dangled from the handle. "How the devil," he asked, "did——?"

Della Street continued to sob into her handkerchief.

Five minutes later they were ensconced in a corner suite.

"You little devil," Mason said as the door closed. "What was the idea of all the rice business and the old shoes?"

Her eyes were too innocent.

Mason grabbed her shoulders and shook her. "You little devil, quit your kidding. Do you remember the part you're to play?"

"Of course I do."

Mason opened his suitcase, took out an onion. Gravely he cut it in two and handed it to her. "Smell," he said.

She held the onion under her eyes, moved it back and forth, then dropped the onion and reached for her handkerchief. Mason took down the receiver and got the room clerk.

DELLA STREET came and leaned against his shoulder. Her sobs were plainly audible as he talked.

"This is Watson Clammert. I want to charter a plane at once. Will you make the necessary arrangements and get me transportation to the airport? I'm leaving my wife here and she'll keep my car. She isn't going with me to the airport."

"Very well," the clerk said. "Incidentally, Mr. Clammert, you left your telegram here on the counter. I'm having a bellboy bring it up."

"Okay," Mason said. "The boy can take my baggage down with him. I want to leave within ten minutes. Can you arrange it?"

"I can try," the clerk promised.

Della Street rubbed her tear-reddened eyes.

"The honeymoon is over," she sobbed. "I knew you'd go busting away on business. You d-d-d-don't l-l-l-love me."

Mason grinned at her. "Save it for the lobby," he said.

"How do you know I'm not s-s-s-sincere?" she sobbed.

He strode to her, stood for a moment staring down at the slender sobbing figure.

There was a knock on the door. Mason crossed to the door and opened it. A bellboy handed him the folded telegram and then took the bags.

Mason and Della Street followed him to the lobby.

Della glanced with haughty defiance at the clerk. The clerk averted his gaze from her tear-reddened eyes.

"Remember, dear," Perry Mason said, "about that automobile. Now you're inclined to drive too fast. That's a new automobile and it isn't broken in yet. Don't drive it too fast, and change the oil just as the instruction book says."

"Yes, dear," Della Street said.

"And remember, if any one should ring up, don't tell them I'm not here. Tell them that I can't come to the telephone; tell them that I'm laid up with influenza; tell them I'm out playing polo; tell them anything, but don't let on that I'm not here."

"Yes, dear."

"I won't need to be in New York more than two hours."

Della Street turned away and said nothing.

MASON started for the door, then stopped, turned awkwardly to Della Street.

"Good-by, darling," he said.

She flashed across the distance between them, a bundle of flying clothes and outflung arms. She clasped her arms around his neck, drew his head down to her savagely, clung against him while her lips sought his, found them, and held them in a long close embrace.

There was something of startled surprise in Perry Mason's face as she released him. He took a quick step toward her. "Della," he said, "you—"

She pushed him away.

"Hurry, Watson Clammert," she said, "and get that airplane. You know how vitally important it is for you to get to New York."

She placed her handkerchief to her eyes, walked unsteadily toward the elevator. . . .

Della Street came running into the lobby of the hotel. "Oh!" she screamed. "Oh!"

The clerk gave one glance at her face, then moved swiftly from behind the counter and came to her solicitously. "What is it, Mrs. Clammert—? Not the plane? It couldn't be the plane!"

"The car!" she gasped.

"The car?"

"Yes. Watson's new Buick. It's been stolen."

"Stolen? From the grounds here? Impossible!"

"Not from the grounds," she said, shaking her head. "I drove up the road for a ways, parked the car, and went down to sit on the beach. I guess I was careless and left my ignition keys in it. I came back and it was gone."

"Well, we can get it," the clerk said grimly. "It doesn't stand much chance of getting out of the county without being caught. What's the license number?"

Della Street shook her head helplessly. Then, seized with a sudden inspiration, said, "Oh, I know. Call up the International Automotive Indemnity Exchange. Call them at my expense. We had the car insured just a few days ago. They can look up the insurance records. My husband has the policy and I don't know where it is. But you can explain to them the car has been stolen, and they'll give you the license number and the engine number and all of that data you require."

The clerk was already in motion.

A few moments later he came to her smiling.

"You may rest assured that the car will be recovered, Mrs. Clammert."

"Thank you so much," Della said. "Oh, I'm so completely desolated. I think I'll pack up and go to Los Angeles, and then return after my husband comes back. I don't want to stay here without him."

"Where can I notify you about the automobile?"

She frowned for a moment and then said, "Oh, just notify the insurance company and my husband's lawyers will keep in touch with them. You've been very, very nice here, and I'm sorry I couldn't stay longer, but you understand how it is."

The clerk assured her that he understood, prepared her bill, and saw that her baggage was safely started for the depot. . . .

Perry Mason was seated in his office, reading mail, when the door opened and Della Street appeared in the doorway, carrying a hatbox.

"Well," he said, "how's the disappointed bride?"

She was all crisp efficiency. "Everything went off okay, chief. They're notifying the motor patrols and the border stations."

"Yes," Mason said, "I heard the reports on the police calls."

"Tell me, why did you go to all this trouble simply to get the police to report a car as stolen? Couldn't you—"

He interrupted her with a smiling shake of the head. "You wouldn't deprive me of my honeymoon, Della!"

"You deprived yourself of it," she retorted, "and you still haven't answered my question."

"I WANTED Watson Clammert arrested," he said slowly. "I wanted him arrested under such circumstances that he would appear to be a professional car thief. I couldn't have brought about that result by any ordinary means, since I didn't care to make a formal charge in my own name and didn't dare to sign a complaint in any name. My theory may be wrong, in which event I can't afford to leave any back trail the police or Clammert could follow. We needed some one who would enlist the sympathy and active co-operation of the police without signing a complaint and without leaving a back trail. The Biltmore Hotel is a big factor in Santa Barbara and the sheriff of Santa Barbara County is sufficiently important to get all sorts of political co-operation. But the Biltmore Hotel most certainly wouldn't have acted as a cat's-paw to pull our chestnuts out of the fire unless we had established ourselves so firmly with them that it would never have occurred to them to question your identity.

"It took human interest to do that, and the best way to get human interest was to give the clerk an orchestra seat and let him become a sympathetic spectator of your blasted romance."

"And would you tell me just what chestnuts you expect to have pulled from the fire?" she inquired.

Mason shook his head. "Not now," he said. "They're rushing things with Douglas Keene. They start the hearing at two o'clock this afternoon."

She stared at him with startled eyes. "You mean they're going to start the preliminary at two o'clock this afternoon? Why, it's twenty minutes to two now."

He nodded. "Want to go?"

"Of course I want to go."

"Drop your hatbox then, and come on. I'll talk things over in the taxi. I want things rushed, partially to get the suspense of those two kids over with, and partially to get even with Sergeant Holcomb."

"How do you mean?"

"If Sergeant Holcomb solves the

BEEMAN'S tones up the digestion . . . puts pep in your stride
BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
Try BEEMAN'S . . . Its pleasing flavor keeps right on satisfying . . .
Enjoy Beeman's Gum
. . . AIDS DIGESTION

Fairo Golf Club (special) —As Sam Slice, local champ, was about to sink a two-foot putt at the deciding hole today, his opponent lit his stewy pipe. Slice lost the match.

"X-x-!" says Slice. "How CAN a man smoke mongrel tobacco and never clean his pipe? Hasn't everybody learned by this time that half the story of happy smoking is a well-kept pipe, and the other half is the gentle, fragrant blend of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco?" Folks, we really *have* found a definitely milder blend. And we've wrapped it in heavy gold foil to keep it fresher for you. Ever tried it?

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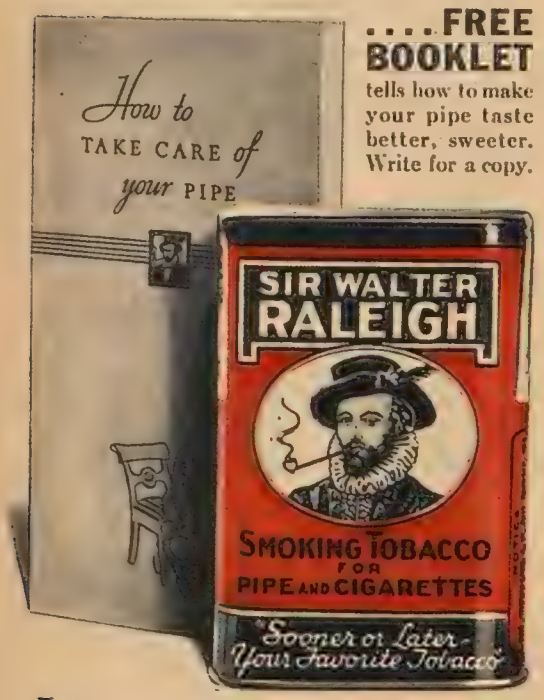

How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later - Your Favorite Tobacco"

....FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

mystery," Perry Mason said with a grin, "*he* gets the credit. If I solve the mystery, *I* get the credit. It won't be long before the situation clarifies itself, and I want to beat every one to it. You know me. I'm a great grandstander."

Her eyes were more expressive than her voice, and her voice held that peculiar low vibrant note which characterized her when emotions mastered her. "You're the squarest-shooting man in the world," she said. And then, as he looked up, she added with a grin, "And one of the most unsatisfactory bridegrooms. You've no idea how sympathetic that hotel clerk felt toward me." . . .

Dick Truslow, one of Hamilton Burger's most trusted trial deputies, grinned across the counsel table at Perry Mason.

"Is Smith going to be associated with you in this case?" Truslow asked.

"He'll probably try to expectorate his way into it," Mason remarked.

TRUSLOW laughed, then lowered his voice confidentially. "You should see Hamilton Burger," he said. "He's having a fit."

"What's the matter?" Mason managed to look innocent.

"*Some one,*" Truslow said, chuckling, "sent the widowed housekeeper out at Laxter's place a telegram, and signed the chief's name to it."

"What was in it?" Mason asked with a perfectly straight face.

Truslow said, "Don't look around—she's looking this way—wait a minute. There, now take a look—over your left shoulder. See her standing there with the telegram? Look at the simpering look on her face. She thinks it's nothing less than a proposal of marriage."

"What does the district attorney think?" Mason inquired.

"I can't tell you," Truslow said, "unless you put cotton in your ears."

Mason smiled. "Has it changed your contention in regard to the source of that Winnie Laxter telegram?"

"Well, my instructions were not to bear down too hard on it. But I'm afraid I've got you this time, Perry. You're not going to resist having the defendant bound over, are you?"

"Oh, I think so," Mason said.

Judge Pennymaker pushed open the door of his chambers and took his place on the bench. The court was formally called to order. Dick Truslow arose to address the bench. "Your Honor, the preliminary hearing in this case is for the purpose of determining whether there are reasonable grounds to hold over Douglas Keene on a charge of first-degree murder—to wit, the murder of one Edith DeVoe, but, in order to show the motive for that murder, it will be necessary for us to introduce evidence relating to the murder of one Charles Ashton. However, may it be understood that any evidence looking to the death of Ashton is limited solely for the purpose of fixing a motive so far as the murder of Edith DeVoe is concerned, and we will not introduce that evidence or seek to have it considered for any other purpose."

"Any objection on the part of the defense?" Judge Pennymaker asked.

"We'll make our objections at the proper time," Mason said, "as the questions themselves come up."

"I'm not trying to limit counsel," Truslow said. "I merely wanted to explain our position to the Court. I thought perhaps I might eliminate some objections by the defense in stating my position."

"Proceed with the case," Pennymaker said. "The defendant is in court?"

"He is coming in now, Your Honor," Truslow said.

A deputy led Douglas Keene into the courtroom. He looked somewhat pale, but his head was back and his chin held high.

What will this preliminary hearing before Judge Pennymaker bring out? Is Douglas Keene to be trapped beyond all escape, or has Perry Mason a trump card up his long mysterious sleeve? And where does the hocus-pocus of Watson Clammert fit in? Read the next issue of Liberty for disentanglements.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 39

1—Not less than five nor more than five and a quarter ounces; adopted January 5, 1934.

2—Well.

3—It was there that, in the year 1863, the first international conference resulting in the formation of Red Cross societies was held.

4—You would have a wart.

5—Soo—to rhyme with zoo.

6—Sacramento.

7—Wilhelm Wundt of Germany (1832-1920), who established the first psychological laboratory in 1879.

8—United States citizenship.

9—In Washington, D. C., from August 21 to 30 inclusive.

10—Colonel Willard D. Vandiver.

11—Durante Alighieri, later contracted to Dante.

12—On February 15, 1864, at Washington, D. C., by Justus H. Rathbone and four or five of his office associates.

13—A bug of several species of blood-sucking venomous *Hemiptera* such as the conenose, *Conorhinus sanguisugus.*

14—Exodus 21:16.

15—San Francisco, California, which has 36 telephones per 100 inhabitants.

16—Larceny is the unlawful taking away of things without the owner's consent; theft. Robbery is larceny from the person or in the immediate presence of another in which force or threats are employed.

17—The owl.

18—Missouri, with Federal Reserve branch banks at St. Louis and at Kansas City.

19—On December 31, 1933, 72 per cent.

20—Author; an essayist and novelist who wrote under the pseudonym of Ik Marvel.

GET INTO THIS NEW
GAME OF MOVIE STARS!
WIN YOUR SHARE OF THE
$2,000
IN CASH PRIZES

DRAWING NO. 5

NAME OF PLAYER.....

DRAWING NO. 6

NAME OF PLAYER.....

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two drawings each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion-picture player.
2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and underneath write the name of the motion-picture player it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty drawings named, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference rated on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Simplicity is best.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF MOVIE STARS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

YOU MAY WIN A $500 AWARD!
START YOUR ENTRY TODAY!

YOU still have time to enter and win one of the many worth-while cash prizes in this interesting game.

If you can find the name of a movie star concealed in one of the above drawings you are already well on your way toward a successful entry. Begin by reading the rules carefully. They give complete information on how to win. Then discover the names from this week's drawings, note them as directed, and file them conveniently pending completion of your entry. Then, if you need the first four drawings, send a request for free reprints to the address in Rule 6. Save all names until your set of twenty is completed.

DRAWINGS 7 AND 8 IN THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Vox Pop

WAR OF THE TWO-GUN MEN

EL PASO, TEX.—Who ever it was that signed his name H. C. M. in June 22 Vox Pop, and said there were never any two-gun men, does not know anything about the *real West.* I know a dozen men here in El Paso who can keep a tin

can in the air, firing with two guns. I can prove that we have men in the West that can and will draw a fair picture with bullets from two guns.—*Roberto Ramirez.*

MONTCLAIR, N. J.—I was particularly interested in What! No Two-Gun Men? in June 22 Vox Pop. I wish to say that this fact was distinctly borne out by Emmett Dalton in his book When the Daltons Rode. In this book Mr. Dalton endeavored to debunk the West as he knew it. I have known Mr. Dalton for a number of years and know his book to be authentically historical.—*Wales H. Evans.*

HIGH OFFICIAL APPROVAL . . . SAFE TO HAVE A BABY

CLEVELAND, OHIO—The executive committee of the Hospital Obstetric Society of Ohio noted with great interest the article in June 15 Liberty by Faith Baldwin on Is It Safe to Have a Baby?

Allow our society to commend you on a sane approach to this matter. There has been a great deal of ill-informed and scarehead publicity in the press recently on the subject of obstetrics.

It is to be hoped that there will be more articles of the nature of the one which you published.—*Scott C. Runnels, Secretary of the Hospital Obstetric Society of Ohio.*

HOW TO PREVENT A DICTATOR

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I offer the following suggestions:

1. That it be considered the President has no right to lobby before Congress, his job being to execute the laws and not to initiate them; that his use of patronage or other form of coercion to influence the acts of Congress is prima-facie evidence of usurpation of authority.

2. That any act of Congress thus influenced by him, declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, automatically bring him under an impeachment proceeding, on charge of usurpation of authority.

This would prevent the dictator.—*C. F. B.*

A GREAT POET'S "HELL"

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—In June 22 Vox Pop the poem on hell called That Word! was printed, as sent in by Pete Walker of Philadelphia. I think that you should mention in a future issue that James Whitcomb Riley is the author. A poet certainly should be given credit for his brain children, as he does not receive much else.—*Richard G. Anthony.*

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!

CLAY, KY.—They have decreed that kidnapers shall die. Why not kill dishonest politicians? Their hurt to society is infinitely more. Their crimes affect the whole public. After all, dishonesty is the cardinal sin against society, for civilization itself was founded by honest co-ordination, and no crime impairs a government like dishonest governing.

Democracy more than any other government depends on honesty and it should protect itself by drastic measures. Some politicians' moral code lets them graft without a tremor. So it is expedient to put the fear of death into them.—*Charles Smith.*

WOMEN SMOKERS

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—There are so many that express their sentiments on politics in Vox Pop that I would like to break the monotony by asking some reader to voice his views on women smokers of the present day and time.—*Elmo W. R. Lane.*

CHECKS LESS THAN A DOLLAR

CHICAGO, ILL.—May I correct your answer to No. 11 of the June 22 Twenty Questions—"What is the penalty for writing a check for less than one dollar?" Your answer cites fine and/or imprisonment.

I am not a lawyer, but I believe the law reads that it is illegal to write a check for less than one dollar if the intent is to circulate it in lieu of lawful money. Otherwise it is not illegal. If you will look up the records you will find a Supreme Court decision to this effect.

To write a check for less than one dollar in the regular course of business, to pay a small bill or balance, is not illegal, provided there is no intention to circulate the check in lieu of money. —*R. A. E.*

[Many readers wrote in about this. The question and answer were submitted to an Assistant District Attorney before publication. He stated that there was a wide diversion of opinion regarding the intent with which a check for any amount was written, but that he had never heard of a prosecution under the law as now in force.—TWENTY QUESTIONS EDITOR.]

G. B. S.: PROPHECY

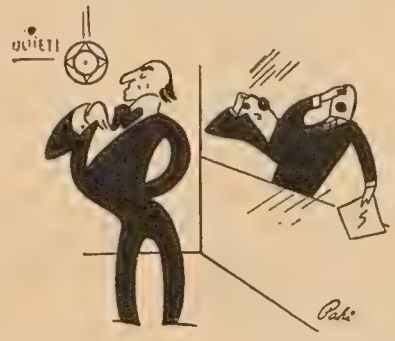
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Will history repeat itself? On Roosevelt's inauguration, George Bernard Shaw remarked:

"Roosevelt will try to help the people, and they will probably hang him for it."

And, Vox Pop, this is incontrovertibly true from the time of Socrates and Christ!—*Nelson G. Welburn.*

TWO MARBLES . . . MAGICIAN

SHREVEPORT, LA.—It is with no end of entertainment that I read (June 15 Vox Pop) of An Old Actor's refusal to accept standardized speech. It all reverts back to the old adage that you can't teach an old dog new tricks.



Countless hours of study and research are made by radio announcers to make radio acceptable. All but hibernating "hams" from the "med show circuit" will take advantage of this to improve their speech. And far from being an affectation is the speaking voice of the average announcer. Should An Old Actor be able to make his voice acceptable to a radio audience by putting two marbles under his tongue I would suggest that he return to the stage—as a magician.—*Jack Gelzer, Chief Announcer KWKH.*

WATCH OUT, PRINCESS!

BOLTON LANDING, N. Y.—Having read Princess Kropotkin's column for some time now and enjoyed it, I was surprised and disappointed to have her recommend (March 23 Liberty) in such a deceiving manner a book dealing with religious propaganda. She calls it "the best American story."

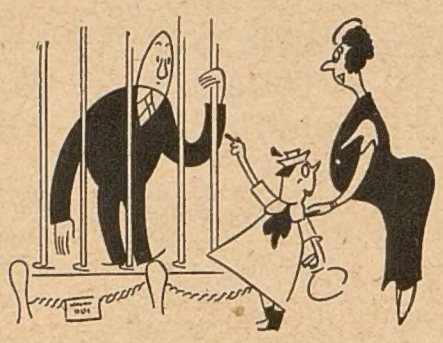
If she had said "religious story," which it is, I would have suspected its Roman Catholic content. As it was, I went to considerable trouble to get the

book, only to waste my time and money on a story which has no interest to me.

Maybe a hint to her to keep her religious preferences out of her column would assist her and Liberty in keeping their readers.—*Sally Broomell.*

SLAPS AT "SOUR-FACE"

WOODBURY, GA.—This C. K. S. must be the arch-grouch. What? No laughter? Bring on the rat poison, bowie knives, six-guns, drowning equipment,



or what have you. Why, man himself is a huge joke, and the world a gigantic movie screen, with the comics holding the boards. The human is the most comical animal in the entire zoo; and the gravest ones elicit the most laughter.—*C. S. R.*

FRANKLIN, MASS.—C. K. S. of Louisville, Kentucky, whose words of wisdom (?) appeared in June 15 Vox Pop, has evidently been suffering from an eternal pain in the neck long enough to become one himself.—*E. G. C.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Wouldn't that old sour-face from Louisville be a pleasant companion to have around the house all the time, day in and day out? I imagine the lives of persons that have to live around him are just a great big bunch of orchids.

This C. K. S. (who is ashamed to sign his name) seems to think that a person guilty of laughing in public should be placed in the stocks. Gosh, if he knew what I'm thinking r i g h t now he could smell the eggs of ancient vintage that I'd pop off his dome if I caught him in the stocks.—*John Green Peery.*

SINCE WHEN HAS MONTREAL—?

EL PASO, TEX.—In June 15 Vox Pop, Mr. Harold Moore suggests that Montreal be placed in the American League. He suggests that the team be placed instead of the weaker teams of the Browns, White Sox, Athletics, or Red Sox. Since when has the Montreal team been stronger than the aforementioned clubs? Mr. Moore should back his statements with more than hot wind.—*J. Frank Davis, Jr.*

EDITORIAL SAVED HIS LIFE

ALEXANDRIA, LA.—The editorial Don't Take Life Too Seriously, published in June 22 Liberty, is a masterpiece pure and simple.

If the world at large would only understand and follow its intent!—*Hunter Jarreau.*

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Your editorial Don't Take Life Too Seriously—You'll Never Get Out of It Alive, is responsible for the writer's being still here—so believe it only proper to spend a little of the extra time to thank you for it.

And believe you me, a lot of us had begun to let the depression bear us down below reasonable depths. That editorial is doubtless the most valuable of many years.—*Don Lowe.*

CAPITALISM WON'T DIE

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Capitalism Won't Die, by H. L. Mencken, appearing in June 1 Liberty, seems to me the very best argument for a return to safe and sane American practices that could be presented. If I were in a position financially to do so, I would have a few million copies made and circulated. I think that would do more good than any amount of chatter we hear or read from exponents against Bolshevik propaganda.—*Herman A. Finke, M. E.*

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—I have never read arguments more ridiculously puerile than those used in H. L. Mencken's Capitalism Won't Die.—*Rolland R. Croft.*

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—I have just read with pleasure the article by H. L. Mencken entitled Capitalism Won't Die. The last seven lines of the article contain the gist of the matter.

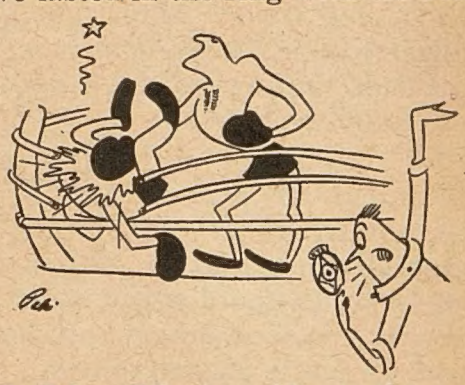
It appeals to me to state that the only Americans (?) who desire to destroy capitalism have no capital to withdraw from the banks, and they are unable to get it from any source except that of charity, which should bear down on such prospects and see to it that they receive nothing but a space in the paupers' cemetery.—*J. W. Bleker.*

TO FIGHT, NOT HUG AND KISS

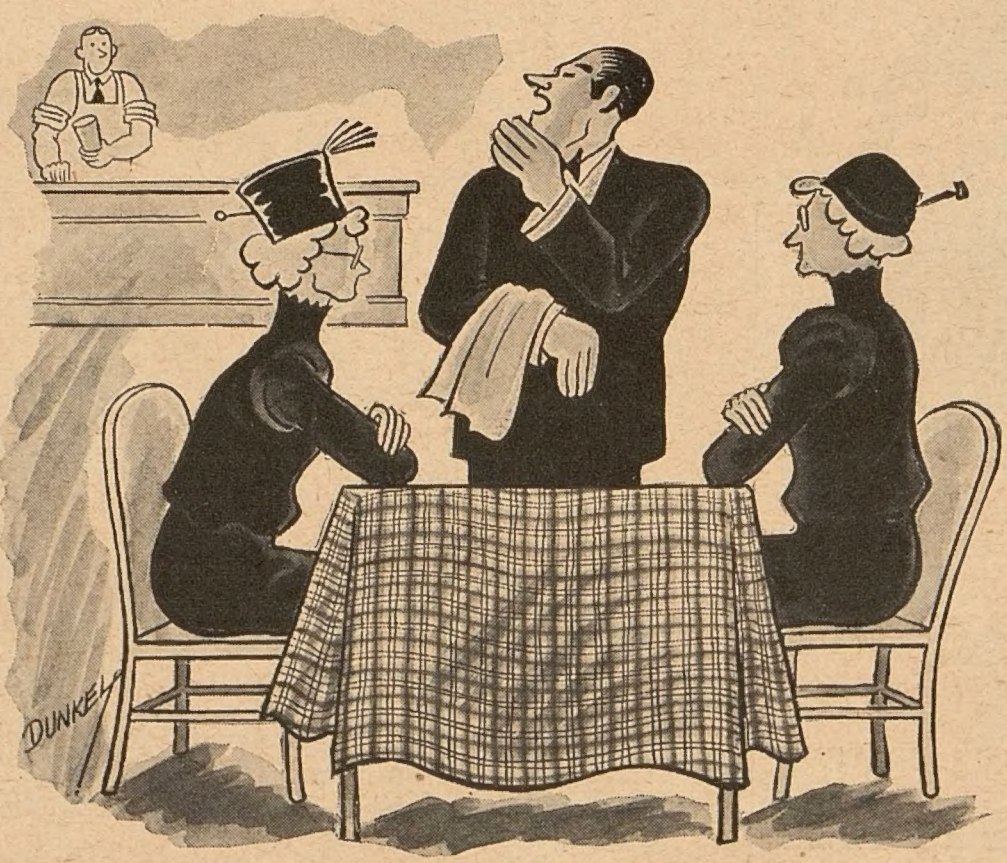
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—It was rather amusing to read the letter of E. E. Vaughan in June 15 Vox Pop calling John L. Sullivan an old dodo. It is evident that this writer never saw the Old Boy in action. I am inclined to think that he has never seen any of the real fighters in action. This fellow Vaughan was evidently drinking milk when John L. was knocking 'em over.

If he had ever seen real fighters like John L. and Jack McAuliffe in a ring he would get a different slant on them. Those old boys went in a ring to fight and win and not to hug and kiss.

It would be interesting to know how long these ham-and-egg fighters would have lasted in the ring with old John L.



and Jake Kilrain. About the second round they would have been taken home on a shutter.—*Charles F. Moyer.*



"Two old-fashioneds!"

ABOLISH THE MARINES

CHICAGO, ILL.—In June 15 Vox Pop Two Machine Gunners from the Fighting [?] Fifth revived the argument between sailors and marines. Let's put an end to that.

Abolish the marine corps—it doesn't do anything the navy or army can't do and this would save the country money. The marine corps as a whole was considered a dumb organization until shortly after the World War, when it acquired some smart publicity men who overpublicized the outfit. Whereas, until lately, the navy has rather shunned publicity.—*Ex-Sailor.*

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8 GLASSES 5¢

SAVE MONEY BY MAKING

Hires
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YOU'LL never know what a delicious beverage you're missing until you bottle home-made Hires Root Beer.

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So easy to make at home—so economical—8 glasses for 5c. One bottle of Hires Extract makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer. Just add sugar, yeast, water. It's so economical you can afford to serve it generously.

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COVER BY MONTE CREWS

Next Week ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

RING IN, RING OUT by Wallace Irwin—You'll have no trouble visualizing the hero of this sparkling tale. He's the ingenious type whose amazing speculations usually prove as fruitless as his clumsy efforts at love-making. Match him against a suave, silky rival with a lovely girl's hand as the prize and you have the ingredients for this hilarious yarn. The happy climax is another thrill.

BAD LANDS by Agnes Christine Johnston—The magic of a child's smile in a land of embittered hearts and broken hopes. There are laughs and tears in this buoyant, human story.

Other stories and articles by Rear Admiral Robert Witthoeft, Edward Doherty, Donald Furthman Wickets, and others

MAE WEST TALKS ABOUT HER "MARRIAGE"

"If you want the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I'm beginning to get just a little burned up about this whole marriage business. It was funny for a while—even to me. Then I got a little annoyed. Now I'm getting just plain sore. I didn't mind it so much when it was just one marriage but now that it is practically bigamy . . ."

Thus begins Kirtley Baskette's interview with Mae West in an attempt to get, for the readers of Photoplay, the facts behind the marriage rumors that have been circulating regarding the popular star. In his interview, Mr. Baskette asks some leading questions and receives some frank answers a la West. The complete account appears in Photoplay for August. Do not miss it. You will enjoy it thoroughly.

Can Your Favorite Star Survive Color?

When talking pictures revolutionized the motion picture industry many, until then, popular stars faded rapidly from the pictures for lack of good recording voices. Now that Technicolor bids fair again to revolutionize the industry will it leave in its wake a galaxy of waning stars who cannot "stand color"? In a word, can your favorite star survive color? In Photoplay for August is an article by Jack Grant entitled, "Will Becky Sharp Revolutionize Hollywood," which is by all odds the clearest, most enlightening description of the new Technicolor, full color process that we have yet seen. Read it by all means, not only for its interest but for your general information.

Other Highlights in This Issue

We Will Never Understand Cary Grant in Hollywood • What Really Happens to Movie Children • Three Men on a Horse • Photoplay Fashions • The Sex Jinx on Stardom • Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop • The Private Life of Ginger Rogers • On the Set With Will Rogers • The Disappearing Muni

AUGUST ISSUE NOW ON SALE

PHOTOPLAY

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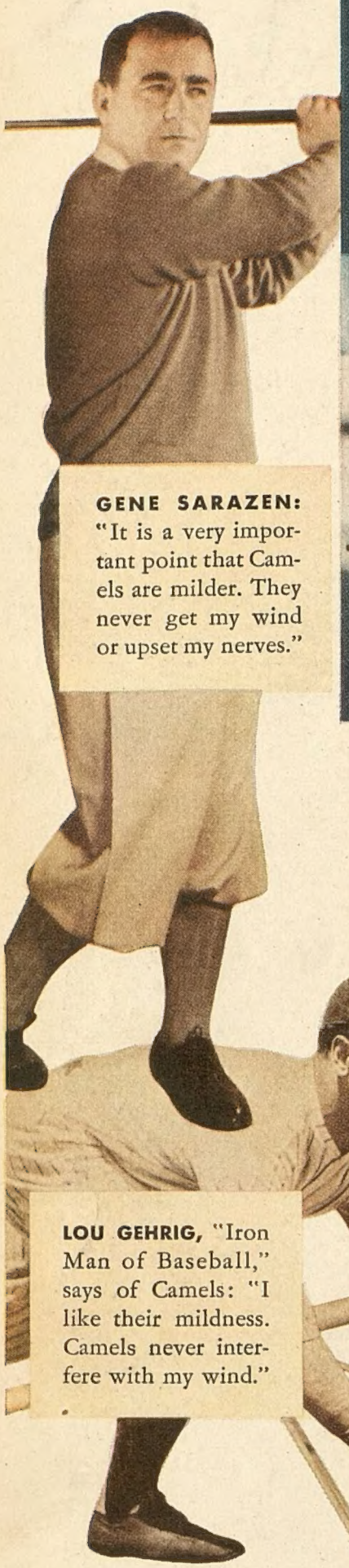
ATHLETES SAY:

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND"



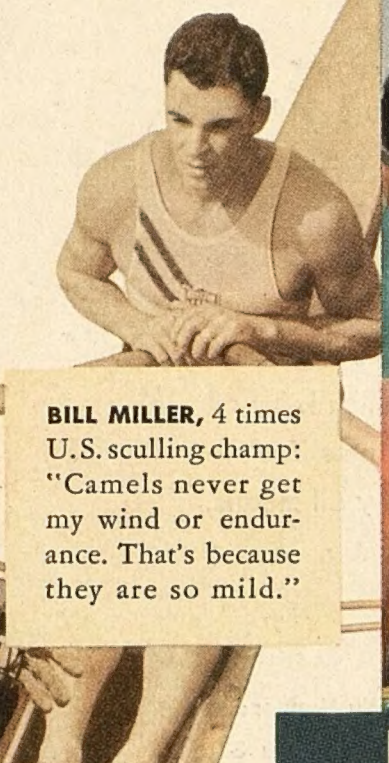
GENE SARAZEN: "It is a very important point that Camels are milder. They never get my wind or upset my nerves."

JOSEPHINE McKIM, member of two Olympic swimming teams, and former holder of U. S. national and world records in many free-style events. "One of my rules in connection with smoking," she says, "is that I always choose a Camel. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

"CAMELS ARE such a mild cigarette," Miss McKim says, "that I can smoke them steadily. They never bother my wind."

LESTER STOEFEN, U. S. doubles champion with George Lott, says: "Camels are so mild. They never get my wind."

LOU GEHRIG, "Iron Man of Baseball," says of Camels: "I like their mildness. Camels never interfere with my wind."



BILL MILLER, 4 times U. S. sculling champ: "Camels never get my wind or endurance. That's because they are so mild."

Camels

SO MILD YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT

WHEN CHAMPIONS POINT to one cigarette and say: "Camels don't get your wind"—it's evidence of real mildness. Smoke them freely! Camels are so mild—never get on your nerves ...never tire your taste.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.